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By JACK C. SIMS

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MISTRESS AND MAID

By Harold Carter

(Copyright.)

"MOTHER, we can't let Hilda go. She understands father's very decided tastes in cooking, and it would take months to train another girl."

"But it's natural that she should want to get married, Lucille," protested Mrs. Hampton weakly.

"It may be natural, but we're going to keep her," said Lucille, tossing her pretty head.

"But put yourself in her place, my dear," answered her mother. "Suppose you were prevented from marrying John. Wouldn't you feel badly? And wouldn't you give up any position, if you had to work, to marry him?"

"That's quite a different matter," answered Lucille. "Hilda is a Swede and Swedes have no feelings. And she's a servant, and we can't expect that sort of people to feel like us. Hilda is very happy as an independent single woman, and that grocer's clerk would probably squander her savings and perhaps ill-treat her. I'm going to stop the affair."

Mrs. Hampton, mildly curious, found her questions rebuffed with all her daughter's energy and, being primarily a peace-loving person, she subsided and hoped that nothing more would be heard about the matter.

However, events moved quickly. The next day Hilda was in tears, and she sniffed in a very audible manner as she waited at table. Lucille looked particularly gleeful.

"I've fixed it," she announced.

"Lucille!" protested her patient mother.

"Oh, nothing much about that. When I was in the store today I remarked casually that I hoped Hilda had got her divorce in Sweden before coming to this country, because she was flirting a good deal with the young men who delivered goods at the house. That was all. And did you notice that a different clerk delivered the groceries this morning? Hilda will soon get over her feeling, and we'll keep her."

"Lucille, I am ashamed of you!"

"All right, I'll take the responsibility—for father's sake," said the girl brusquely.

The experiment certainly seemed to have been successful. Gradually Hilda's disconsolate face grew bright again. It was noticed, too, that she seemed to distribute her favor impartially upon the different tradesmen's assistants. Where so many shared it, there seemed no likelyhood of her fixing upon one in particular. As for Jones, the clerk who had monopolized her, he had left his employer's services. Katz, the grocer, said that he was going into business for himself. Lucille did not care particularly what happened to him, so long as there was no danger of his detecting the fraud that had been played.

John Martin and she were to be married in four months' time. They were very fond of each other in a sensible way. Every Saturday night John called, and every Wednesday night he took her to the theater. It was an ideal engagement from a monetary point of view, for John was earning $300 a month as secretary to a prominent publisher, and had five thousand in the bank besides.

About three weeks after Lucille's successful maneuver the girl waited in vain on Wednesday evening for John to appear. She was as much amazed as disappointed. It was the first time since their engagement that his regularity had failed. And the absence of a telephone call induced in her first anger, then alarm.

"John is ill, mother," she exclaimed, when at last all hope of his appearance that night had been discarded. "Or else he has met with an accident on the way."

"Oh no, my dear," said Mrs. Hamilton. "No doubt he was detained at the office on business."

"But he ought to have called me up. I shall call him up and let him know what I think of his behavior!" cried Lucille angrily.

She flew to the telephone and called up John's address at his apartment house.

"Mr. Martin said that if anybody called him up to say he'd gone to the theater with a party," answered the attendant's voice at the other end.

Lucille slammed down the receiver. "That beats anything!" she said indignantly. "I shall send back his ring tonight."

"Better wait till Saturday, and give it to him, dear," said wise Mrs. Hampton.

Lucille, burning with humiliation, concluded that what she had to say might better be said than written. She spent three wretched days, which were not rendered any more pleasant by the look on Hilda's face, which now bore a broad smile.

"Dear Miss Lucille," It Ran.

Saturday night came, but John did not. This was the climax of Lucille's suffering. At ten o'clock she sat down and wrote him an indignant letter, breaking off the engagement. She was glad, she said, that she had found him out at last, before it was too late, but she wished he had been enough of a gentleman to tell her what she had wanted to tell him, that each had grown tired of the other.

But before the note was posted there came a ring at the apartment door, and Lucille, opening, encountered John Martin himself, wearing an expression at once penitent, sheepish and absurd.

"Forgive me, Lucille," he pleaded, taking her hands in his.

The girl found her anger evaporating so rapidly that she could not keep back her tears.

"I was a brute, a beast, to believe it of you," continued John, "but the evidence was so circumstantial, and if I hadn't received Hilda's letter tonight——"

"What are you talking about, John?" demanded the girl.

"Why, the letter Hilda wrote me, dearest. To think that she would have behaved in such a way. Why, the girl must be mad——"

"John!" cried Lucille. "I don't know what you mean about Hilda writing you letters, but why haven't you been to see me, and why did you leave word on Wednesday night that you had gone to the theater with a party, without even telephoning me?" She was beginning to weep again. Her feelings overcame her.

John clasped her in his arms and tried to comfort her.

"Don't you know, Lucille, he asked. "I came here on Wednesday a few minutes earlier than usual, and I—I saw what I thought was you, in the kitchen, in the arms of a stranger."

"How dare you! How dare you, John!"

"But you had on that blue silk with the lace, and it was impossible to mistake that dress. You know you wore it because I always said I liked it. And Hilda wrote me that she had worn it that night to get even with you for something or other, and had smuggled her young man into the apartment——"

But the girl, wild with anger, ran into the kitchen, almost dragging John after her. There was no Hilda, but on the table was an open sheet of paper with writing on it. Lucille snatched it up.

"Dear Miss Lucille," it ran, "I guess this evens it all up now and you can have your Martin. Tonight I leave to be married to my beau. We have a grocery store and ask your esteem patronage. Please send wages as under. Hilda."

* * *

Care With Worry.

"DO YOU think," asked the widower, "you could learn to love my children as if they were your own?"

"Oh, yes," replied the anxious maiden. "I think I should care more for them, really, than if they were my own, because I shouldn't have to worry so much about them if they got hurt or were sick."

* * *

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WHEN FATE DECIDES

By Jack C. Sims

Two women—one fiery, passionate and impetuous; the other a more reserved daughter of the North—and a gay bandit are the central figures of a romantic story.

He Never Laid a Coin Upon the Table, but Tossed It to Them, and Expected Them to Shiver.

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CHAPTER I.
SENOR RODNEY COMES ON THE SCENE.

THE blood-red sun wined the great hills beyond Vera Cruz and a scorching hot wind drifted lazily. In the shade of a palm tree, near a watering hole, a group of loin-clad natives squabbled over dice, and near them Senor Rodney lay sprawled out on a mat and looked on.

Senor Rodney was a grand cavalier to urchins of the hot lands, but he never gambled with them, nor did he gamble with the gentlemen inhabitants of Vera Cruz. The people of Vera Cruz—especially the police—wondered how Senor Rodney made a livelihood until a well-known American spoke in his behalf and informed the police that he was a trader in the hot lands. But no one in Vera Cruz could testify before an unbribed court to ever having seen Senor Rodney leave the city with trading goods, nor was it on record that he ever set foot inside a trading store.

Senor Rodney did not come from any place in particular, and did not brag about it. He was a Yankee, however, and wore Yankee-made clothes. His particular dislikes were flat-footed Germans and other foreigners. One day he told a high-powered French commercial traveler that he did not like Germans because tney were trying to undermine and gobbie the republic of Mexico. The Frenchman thought it a wonderful joke and Vera Cruz had something new to gossip about an hour later, and the German colony straightway became outraged.

When in Vera Cruz Rodney idled his time in the cafes near the plaza and at the office of the well-known American, where he got newspapers from New York, which he read with avidity, interspersed his reading with whisky and soda and intermittently conversed with Simon Rainy, the well-known American. Rainy was the representative of a mining concern whose business in Mexico had been "shot to pieces" by the bandits who raided the mines when they took possession of the state in which they were located. Nevertheless he had lived so long in Mexico that he did not care about leaving and the concern which he represented had been only too glad to have him remain and keep it in touch with developments in that revolution-torn republic.

It was rumored in Vera Cruz that the beautiful Juanita Corbina, who danced and sang Spanish romance in the Cafe Plaza, was madly in love with Senor Rodney. There were innumerable other rumors circulated, but they were only rumors. One was, however—and it emanated from the German colony—that Rodney had given Senor Rainy an automobile, and everybody wondered where Rodney got the money for such an expensive gift. But when Rodney came to Vera Cruz after one of his trips into the hot lands he classified the Germans as even a lower breed than the peons. So did Juanita. After that she would not look at any of the Germans in the city, and threatened to have Duke Crombon—sent to act as Spanish consul during the regular consul's absence in Europe—arrested and lodged in the dank prison if he even so much as looked her way. This was hard on the Spanish. Every one of them doted on Juanita and considered her the most beautiful woman that ever came from the romantic land of Spain and more graceful than the mythical dancing goddess of ancient Greece, with a voice that rivaled those who sang operatic classics for princely sums each night.

The Spanish and Germans alike wore ten below zero stares whenever Senor Rodney made merry in the Cafe Plaza. They hated him. Especially did Duke Crombon hate him. Still, every one of them respected him. It was a profound, even pious, respect, because the Yankee was not a common dog. He was a gentleman, educated, a man of the world, and—lastly, because once when he became polluted with Madrid wine, he pulled out two large, black, convincing Yankee revolvers and chased half the Vera Cruz police and threatened to drive the whole force into jail and lock them up until they promised to be good and never molest him again simply because they suspected him of—nothing. Merely Latin suspicion! Rodney was rather thoughtful, and when he figured the police force was arming to assault him he vanished in the Cafe Plaza and mixed with the crowd. A Yankee with two big, black guns the police knew to be a very dangerous person, and a fight in a crowded cafe was not to their liking. They already had tasted Yankee gunfire when the great fleet had taken the port, and it had taken but a handful of Yankee sailors to capture the city. Furthermore, if the cafe were wrecked the proprietor would complain. The proprietor was powerful in politics and they would lose their positions on the force, and that would never do. Rodney knew these things and took advantage of the police, while the Spanish and Germans did not. Therefore, the Spanish and Germans gave Rodney credit for being the nerviest, most adventurous and picturesque person in Mexico. And the only way he could be quieted that night was to have Juanita Corbina sing the song, "My Hero." She sang to him alone and meant every word of the sweet romance she sang. The next morning the police accepted Rodney's apology with their eyes glued on the hips of his very stylish riding breeches. But these things were mere incidents of history because Rodney had not been seen along the plaza for many months, and the gossips in the Spanish and German colonies fell to other topics.

When the Eldora gold mine wagon was held up in the southern part of the hot lands and robbed of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold by two bandits who escaped, Vera Cruz was stirred. But the Spanish and German colonies did not become very much excited over the news because the argosy belonged to J. J. Worthington, an American millionaire, who lived in New York. For a fortnight after the robbery, however, Vera Cruz was alive with musical comedy soldiers, most of whom looked like vagabonds, and the police force was adorned with a few extra-shiny brass buttons, threw out its chest and dragged about monstrous sabers. But with the passing of five uneventful months, during which time Vera Cruz was not threatened by the bandit gang of the hot lands, the soldiers disappeared, the police abandoned their monstrous sabers and gave up their extra-shiny brass tons, the town sank into peaceful lethargy, and the Spanish and Germans had to imbibe imported whisky and soda to buoy up their sweating spirits.

Senor Rodney was a very gracious cavalier in the eyes of the gamesters at the watering place, who had not received coins from him for more than five months. When it grew too dark for them to comfortably continue gambling Rodney flipped each one a coin and bade them feed and water his horse, and when the day died he mounted and rode on 'neath the yellow stars to Vera Cruz.

Rainy, in his shirt sleeves, as usual, smiled thru the perspiration that leaked from his eyebrows when Rodney found him lounging on his sea-breeze porch the next day.

"I thought you'd dried up and died and your bones were bleaching in the hot lands. God bless you!" laughed the fat Yankee and poured whisky into his man-sized glasses. "No doubt the terrific heat made trade rather poor?" inquired Rainy.

"No; I dare say it's been the most suc-

cessful trading trip I've ever made. I made a rather nice cleanup. The natives had more gold than usual and I got quite a bit of it," returned Rodney and helped himself to more whisky.

Rainy batted his eyes and wished he were Rodney's partner instead of the mere representative of a mining concern. He knew there were Germans and other foreigners in Vera Cruz who smuggled arms and ammunition and made considerable money selling them to the revolutionists and the natives, but they got their gain in crude fashion when compared to the mysterious system of Senor Rodney. They were all poor pikers playing an antiquated game. Rainy gazed thoughtfully at the amber whisky in his glass, batted his eyes some more, and said slowly:

"Perhaps some of the gold the natives handed over to you came indirectly into your hands after it left the gold wagon that was held up by the two native bandits? You know, those hot land robbers are becoming bolder and more evasive every year, and they certainly got away with J. J. Worthington's golden hoard in nice shape, and I'll bet he's sore," remarked Rainy, and his blue eyes twinkled merrily under his fat brows.

"Maybe," replied Rodney.

"Maybe!" ejaculated Rainy, sparring for an argument; "you said that just as tho he isn't! Just as tho he's tickled to death; laughing himself into the grave; getting thin with incessant mirth. Don't be fooled. This Worthington person is known never to have stretched his face in a smile in his whole life. He's a double to the historical character who wore the iron mask in the French bastile. He's a human tornado. Why, the old rummy is so sore that he is coming post-haste in his private yacht, which in reality is a regular young battleship, to raise a rumpus. And most likely he will fire the president, who now is in his temporary palace here because Mexico City is a hornets' nest. Moreover, he is bringing with him his wife and their beautiful fifty-million-dollar daughter. This paper says she's queen of 'em all. Have a look at the paper, my boy!

"Fine time ahead for me," continued Rainy, while Rodney scanned the columns of a week-old New York paper. "Things'll liven up a bit, and I sincerely hope the old bully brings a good brand of booze in the buffet of that sea palace. And then there's his Dukelets Crombon who will play the hog, and his temporary official capacity as consul, and his very excellent and high-sounding title will not prove detrimental in his designs on the J. J. Worthington millions, and Miss Ethel Worthington will be the designee. You must be brought to understand that he's eligible in the old lady's eyes—very, very much so, while you and I figure him as very small cheese. Nobles aren't mysterious and wonderful to any one after you have met many and come to know them. They always did impress me as being akin to those little, water-eyed, white lap dogs that silly women love more than their husbands, usually call them Fee Fee, and carry them about in nothing but silk and satin-lined muffs."

"Oh, he's a harmless little pinhead," remarked Rodney; "if he hadn't been born under a title he would have numbered among that horde of Madrid simps who earn about five dollars a week, wear top hats, smoke cigarettes like ladies, talk like they were very intimate with the King and his family and several other notables, and who eke out a livelihood perusing figures in large business establishments and counting houses. I used to see 'em flock thru the streets late in the afternoon when I was in Madrid."

Rodney was silent for a while and gazed curiously at the tall double-door safe that glistened with sweat just inside the door of a room facing the sea-breeze veranda.

"But you'd better give the hot lands time to cool off and remain in Vera Cruz long enough to meet this Miss Ethel Worthington," said Rainy.

Rodney did not reply, but continued to gaze thoughtfully at the safe, and at length asked: "Say, Rainy, what on earth do you use that big safe for?"

"Wardrobe," answered Rainy, and sipped the whisky. "The company shipped it down here. It adds dignity to the office. Business men have to be dignified a trifle, anyhow. Notice the imposing size. I did not have anything in the way of valuables to keep in it, so I put it in a conspicuous place for the sake of dignity, scattered moth balls about in it, and utilized it. Part of it is filled with safety deposit boxes which I am supposed to allow Americans to leave valuables in from time to time if they so demand, but Americans are scarce in Vera Cruz right now, and you are only a hapalong."

"I'll rent six of the largest boxes for my own use," proposed Rodney.

"You'll use 'em, but you won't rent 'em," declared Rainy. "There's a key sticking in each box, and be sure you take the keys with you when you utilize the boxes."

While Rodney wrote the safe's combination in a memorandum book, Rainy warned him to be careful of his clothes and not let the moth balls fall out on the floor.

"Another beastly tropic storm is brewing," said Rainy as he mopped his florid face and pointed at the ashen sky.

The sea was peaceful, even placid, altho gusts of stifling, hot wind tossed and twisted the palms on the boulevard.

"This will be a wild night, I dare say," said Rodney,, "and I'd better be getting on to the Cafe Plaza—I have a dinner engagement there."

"Tut, tut! Be careful with that beautiful Spanish romance singer, Senorita Juanita Corbina. She is a modern serpent of the Nile, and if she winds her coils about you she may prove your dilemma, my fair friend. For 'tis she you're going a-lying to this night," said Rainy.

"Si si, Senor, la Senorita Juanita Corbina," replied Rodney, as he affected an overdone Spanish bow and departed.

In the Cafe Plaza Senor La Jose, dressed in modish white flannel, complacently sipped Madrid wine, puffed at a gold-tipped cigarette, listened to the music, and occasionally cajoled languid-eyed women acquaintances despite the frowns of their swaggering escorts. Senoritas of Vera Cruz were interested in the handsome Spaniard, who wore fine clothes so extremely well, drank nothing but the most excellent Madrid wines, smoked expensive cigarettes, and who appeared so blase. He was like the great gentlemen of Spain; there was a touch of the romantic rogue in his large brown eyes, and with it a mixture of fierceness. La Jose had the air of owning everything he looked upon and a contempt for menials that was wonderful. He never laid coin upon the table for them, but tossed it to them and expected them to shiver with fear. And most of the menials did shiver, even the boldest; they jumped to attention like comic men on strings when he demanded the choicest wine; they figured he was a very rich man, and if he were a rich man he undoubtedly was a friend of the president or some powerful brigand fighting for the suppressed of the republic. Any brigand or president was a martyr to the waiters, and any martyr's friend did just exactly as he pleased when he was rich, and therefore held almost the power of life or death over the menials. On top of this, times were perilous. Anybody who had plenty of money, fine airs, and who was not a mine owner or agriculturist, and who came to Vera Cruz from nowhere in particular and lived on the fat of the land when poverty and revolution reigned, was to be highly respected. Senor La Jose was just this kind of a person.

Duke Crombon was sitting at the next table to the one occupied by La Jose, and when Juanita Corbina sang a romantic love ballad, the Duke applauded loud and long, and Senor La Jose scowled fiercely at him. La Jose glanced at his watch and then toward the palm-studded entrance of the cafe. When Senorita Juanita's lovely eyes rested on the cafe entrance and she smiled, everybody in the place turned their eyes in that direction. On the threshold Senor Rodney, the Americano, clad in immaculate white flannel, leaned on his cane and gazed across the crowd into the eyes of the most beautiful Senorita in Vera Cruz. He smiled and bowed to her. Juanita was singing, but her lips quivered into a smile, and she answered him with her eyes.

Every gentleman and highbinder in Vera Cruz—and most of the real gentlemen in Vera Cruz were highbinders—would have given a right arm and decorated it with a heap of Spanish gold for the glance that Juanita gave Senor Rodney. And had Juanita sang her romance to the Spanish or Germans that night as she did to Rodney, most of them would have puffed up like bullfrogs and burst. But they were not imperiled and so they smiled their contempt at Rodney, who smiled back at them in a sarcastic manner.

IN ENGLAND'S SOD

Throstle and thrush and the English lark,
And English flowers his grave to mark
And English buglers shaking the air
In honor of him who is buried there.
For here there rests a gallant youth
Whose heart was honor, whose word was truth,
Who counted the cost, who played the game,
Who luster sheds on his country's fame.
Eager to fly to the winged strife
He strifeless soared to the endless life,
Sleeping he rests in England's sod
Till he mounts to Thy side, O Son of God.

Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack
The outward bound and homeward track;
The shuttles that weave from shore to shore
On the loom of time the kinship of yore!
The scorn that flashed on a brother's brow
Is honor that folds them together now.
Forever floating side by side
On the battle's marge, on the ocean's tide
Over the dust of brothers they wave,
Our cherished dead in an English grave.
Sing throstle and thrush, sing English lark,
To the coming of morn thru the fading dark.

—ROGERS TAYLER.

CHAPTER II.
SIX POKES OF GOLD.

JUANITA CORBINA enjoyed the reputation of never having placed her exquisite feet upon the pavements of Vera Cruz. She was a notoriously extravagant woman. The tiny satin slippers that incased her feet would have sold for enough money to make a peon happy; her gowns and jewels were the kind worn by American millionaires' wives and daughters; her charm, her personality, beauty and grace were even extravagant; she was a mark for alms seekers and charity, and no hungry peon passed her carriage without receiving a coin. But her love was a thing apart from her generous self. It was a sacred, coveted thing. She valued it as a miser does his coins, and when she gave it to Senor Rodney her soul went with it. It was a wonderful, passionate, extravagant love—an inexhaustible fire that would cause her to kill the thing she loved, but still love it long and mourn for it.

Juanita was angry at Rodney because he had not left the hot lands and come to her sooner; she suspected him because he often was accompanied by Senor La Jose on their trading trips; she hated him spasmodically because she thought there might be another Senorita, and simply because she loved him. Rodney was her type, a gambler, philosopher and princely sort of man. But she could not solve him. He was her dilemma—he kept her guessing—and when a woman like Juanita cannot solve a man in whom she is deeply interested, then love is savage, positively dangerous and without a limit for good or bad.

Rodney was a trader in the hot lands that stretched away to the south and west of Vera Cruz, and the wastes were dangerous. But Rainy and Juanita had their separate opinions concerning Rodney's so-called trading trips. Rainy did not care, but he possessed the curiosity of a woman. But it was different with Juanita, and she had told Rodney so. He had only laughed and cajoled her in funny Spanish, but he also warned her to be careful lest he cut out her little, red tongue. She was fascinated by this man who dared threaten to cut out her tongue, and felt elated, because she considered it a compliment to her subtle piques.

When he scolded or teased her, her brown eyes flashed defiantly and she quite often threatened to have nothing more to do with him, and to sail on the first boat to New York, where her vocal and terpsichorean art would create a furore. On such occasions Rodney offered to pay her passage, and bragged about the great American city, but vowed he would live in Vera Cruz forever. There was always too much sincerity in Rodney's offer, and Juanita invariably changed her mind, her arm would steal about his neck and she would kiss him and tell him there was only one Senor Rodney in all the world. That was Spanish love making. It was delirious, no doubt, but Rodney found a spice in it.

More than five months in the hot lands, part of which Rodney had spent in his lodge in the hills, gave him a desire for the gentle touch of the Senorita's pretty fingers. Rodney sat at the edge of the crowd in the Cafe Plaza. Occasionally he glanced toward the table where La Jose sat, but the last time his eyes rested on the table La Jose had vanished. And so he turned his attention to Juanita, and as he watched her thru a tangle of tropical decorations he thought what a wonderful woman she was. She was singing her last song when the bells in the cathedral tolled midnight, and he left the table and hurried from the cafe just as she finished the song.

A steady downpour of rain drenched the beautiful plaza and the night was black beyond the lights. Rodney entered a cab and was taken down a broad boulevard to the house which he rented the year round, and which was but a stone's throw from Rainy's bungalow. Hardly had he dismissed the cabby when a second vehicle stopped several yards away and a person wrapped in a long black cape alighted, dismissed the carriage and followed Rodney by dodging along under the dripping palm trees that flanked the boulevard.

The shutters of Rodney's house were closed, the place looked deserted, and even the room into which Rodney stepped was dark, except for the dull glow of a light on a table upon which six large, bulging gold pokes lay. Just beyond the table in the deep gloom sat La Jose, a cigarette between his lips glowing thru the darkness like a threatening red eye, and he only nodded as Rodney stepped across the floor. The pair did not stop to talk. Each one took three of the heavy gold pokes, turned off the light and the door clicked behind them. The person who had followed Rodney flattened against a wall on the porch as they passed. When they crossed the street some distance down the boulevard and entered Rainy's bungalow the third person followed, and, crouching near a window sill, watched Rodney and La Jose deposit the six gold pokes in as many safety deposit boxes in Rainy's safe with the aid of an electric flash lamp.

Simon Rainy had been another interested witness. The heat was too sticky for him to sleep and he lay wide awake in his lazy-man chair and watched and prayed that Rodney and La Jose would not make a mess of his white clothes nor knock out the moth balls. Before Rainy finished his prayer, however, the light snapped out, he heard the heavy safe doors swing into place, the whir of the safe's combination tumblers, and the pair passed noiselessly out of his bungalow and parted. But the third person by the window followed Rodney to the very door of his house, stood and listened a while, and then melted like a black spirit into the night.

Simon Rainy blinked his blue eyes harder than ever next morning, and was more positive than ever before that he would like to be Rodney's partner; also, he was more positive than ever that Vera Cruz was more strange and mysterious than he had realized. He was custodian of much gold, and being custodian of much gold, his breath came fast and hot, he consumed much whisky and did much thinking.

"Suspicion number one confirmed," he mused to himself. "Ah, you'd be a rich man if you were connected with this man Rodney," crooned Rainy as he pulled the gold pokes from the deposit boxes. He had not told Rodney he held a master key. Rainy was a philosopher in a way all his own and so he made a review of affairs aloud:

"J. J. Worthington, American millionaire, got possession of the rich Eldora gold mine by instigating a revolution that deposed one of the few presidents of the republic who was not grossly dishonest. During the revolution Worthington took good care that the rightful owner of the mine was shot down and the mine then was confiscated and handed over to Worthington. Therefore, Worthington is a scoundrel, indirectly a murderer and thief. Now events follow events. Then, one Senor Rodney, hapalong, suave Yankee adventurer, proceeded to plunder Worthington of his ill-gotten gains. He then had the unmitigated audacity to make me custodian of his plunder. This act classifies Senor Rodney as a sort of honorable thief at the outside, but places me in a precarious position. But, being a fairly brave man, and owing to the fact that it takes a thief to catch a thief, I will force myself against my own sweet will to be a thief, and so I catch them both. Very simple, very simple, Simon Rainy." He smiled as he carried the heavy gold pokes one by one from the safe to a palm box and buried them in the sand.

Rainy then repaired to his sea-breeze veranda and sank into his lazy-man chair with a satisfied sigh, poured a drink of whisky, diluted it with lime juice, and held it before him and smacked his lips.

"Here's health to Senor Rodney & Co. and good luck to my own frail, failing self," he said aloud, but did not drink the toast, for just at that moment a white

yacht steamed into view at the northern end of the harbor.

"Now three villains are sure to meet," he soliloquized, as he set down the untasted drink and watched J. J. Worthington's yacht speed up the harbor and drop anchor several hundred yards off shore.

CHAPTER III.

RODNEY MEETS THE WORTHINGTONS.

SENOR RODNEY at that moment was reposing on the plush seat of a smart carriage beside Juanita Corbina on the boulevard, and she had just accused him of having placed six bulging gold pokes in Rainy's strongbox at his bungalow. He did not deny her rather startling accusation, but told her there was nothing left for him to do but cut out her little, red tongue, and he hated to do it. But she begged him to spare her, and said that she had followed him because she thought there might be another woman, and swore on her honor that her lips were sealed forever.

Rodney did not have much confidence in a woman's vow, but before he left her at her villa that afternoon he promised not to cut out her tongue, and when he kissed her good-by he whispered that he loved her. A soft, languorous glow brightened her beautiful eyes and as he departed she plucked red roses and threw them after him and sang snatches of a Spanish hero song.

At a popular cafe Rodney found La Jose puffing thoughtfully at a cigarette and eying a bottle of Madrid wine with disgust.

"Ah, the Senor comes from the villa of the beautiful Juanita," said La Jose as Rodney approached.

"At times I think she knows too much, Senor," continued the Spaniard. "She is a seer. Besides, she loves you madly, and when most women love like that they watch, they always suspect. They are such strange creatures. I fear for you, Senor, if you trifle with her affections and she finds out. Ah, she is a cat whose scratch is poisonous, Senor. So have a care!"

"Allay your fears, Senor La Jose. I just left the charming Senorita. There were dreams in her eyes and words of love flowed from her tongue. She is not a cat, and will not scratch me," smiled Rodney.

"Senor Worthington came today," whispered La Jose, "and at dusk he probably will visit Senor Rainy. He has with him a Senorita. Ah! Such a lovely Senorita with golden hair. When she came here in an automobile—ah, Senor, then my heart pounded hard and I went mad with love," passionately breathed the Spaniard.

"Senor Rainy is your friend and you must arrange so I can meet her," concluded La Jose, and blew a kiss off the tips of his fingers toward the port where Worthington's yacht swung at anchor.

Rodney laughed at the Latin. "Why don't you steal her, Senor La Jose? Duke Crombon will be after her—sure!" chided Rodney.

La Jose's eyes narrowed, but he only sighed. "Ah! Senor, such a wonderful Senorita! Ah! Such blue eyes!"

"I'll see Simon Rainy and fix it for you, if I can," consoled Rodney, and got out of his chair. La Jose also rose and bowed to Rodney as he would have bowed only to the Spanish monarch, and Rodney returned the courtesy and suppressed a smile. As the Yankee passed thru the plaza on his way to Rainy's, he marveled at the polish of his Spanish colleague in plunder. In the waste lands La Jose was a relentless, cruel, hard-fisted robber, but in Vera Cruz, in the cafes, boulevards, hotels and the plaza, he was courtesy personified.

Simon Rainy was immaculately clad and sat proudly in his lazy-man chair on the sea-breeze veranda. It was fearfully hot, but under the chair were five large blocks of ice, and despite the close heat he was so chilled that his unlovely nose, which already was red, was turning blue, and when Rodney arrived Rainy gladly gave up his polar seat.

"Nice boat, that," remarked Rodney, after settling into the lazy-man chair on the ice blocks.

"Yes, it is, and I'm expecting the old grafter who owns it to pay me a visit very soon," replied Rainy. "Already he has written me that he has a proposition in which I might be interested."

"He'll have some scheme up his costly sleeve for you," ventured Rodney. "Czars of finance always have for a clever man they know can play their game in a land of revolution, where the main worry is dodging revolts promoted and engineered by men of the J. J. Worthington caliber."

"But I'm too fat and lazy to be a schemer, Rodney. Besides, this climate keeps me in a constant lethargy, and on top of that, I'm inclined to be honorable," ejaculated Rainy. He brought his car ashore this morning, and once the Duke rivets his eyes on it and Worthington's beautiful daughter, he'll try and negotiate an immediate marriage with her mamma. His title will get the old lady all fussed up, and, besides, the Duke is a society lion in Madrid, has had enough society scandals to make him nicely notorious, and could take first prize at a blue-blood show. Moreover, he's a relative of the King. That helps a lot. I believe he wears corsets, still the Spanish here say that he has fought many duels in Paris. But he'd have to take off his corsets if he ever fought a gun battle with a certain Yankee I know who lives in Vera Cruz—at times," concluded Rainy.

Rodney laughed at the remarks of his fat friend as he abandoned the lazy-man chair on the ice blocks, and was pouring drinks into the whisky glasses when the Worthingtons arrived. Rainy was exceedingly active, despite his weight, and hurried off the porch with surprising speed, and assisted Mrs. Worthington and her daughter from their automobile. Then J. J. Worthington landed on the crushed gravel drive with a thump and tried to force a smile to his grim visage —something that never happened very often, and did not succeed on this occasion—as he introduced himself to Rainy, and his icy, gray-blue eyes searched Rainy's portly person coldly as they shook hands.

Rainy's egotistical thermometer jumped high and he smiled inwardly when he

"Perhaps the Senor Has Grown Tired of His Senorita."

looked at Duke Crombon, who hovered near Miss Worthington's arm. Simon Rainy assured himself that he was a seer in all things and imagined he saw the Duke's lips quiver into a dollar sign as the party mounted the steps. The Duke frowned slightly when he saw Senor Rodney. Mrs. Worthington approved of Rodney at first, but her approval vanished when she discovered that he was not a distinguished foreigner. Furthermore, Rodney was altogether too suave for her and there was too much man-of-the-world about him and too little of the blase, make-believe. He had too much polish for an American who had not attended Harvard and then gone to Oxford to polish off the rough Americanisms. He told her that he had attended a noted American university, but not Harvard. So Rodney was out of the question in so far as Mrs. Worthington was concerned. He smiled pleasantly at her as he would at a child asking childish questions when she interrogated him as to who his people in the States were, and whether they came from old New England stock, and he avoided her questions with such nicety that Miss Ethel Worthington smiled. Mrs. Worthington blushed, for she realized she had sparred with an artist and he had beaten her badly at her own little social game. And he then had the audacity to invite Mrs. Worthington to occupy the lazy-man chair on the ice blocks. It was inviting, tho, and she did not refuse his courtesy.

Rodney then turned his acceptable attention to Miss Worthington, and she approved of him, much to the discomfiture of Duke Crombon, who lapsed into silence and snapped daintily with his handkerchief at mosquitoes. The Duke was one of those kind of men who are company for Americans when nobody else can be found; nearly human; too blase to be real; and his only redeeming feature was that he could smoke cigarettes like a lady, which was funny. He could have made a living doing it in vaudeville in the United States.

Ethel Worthington seldom met men who, like Rodney, belonged to the world. Such men never drifted thru the closely guarded, gilded fence of the Four Hundred, where only men like Duke Crombon reigned. The men she knew and with whom she associated usually saw the world thru plate glass windows. Ethel was fascinated by him and forgot about the Duke, who occasionally horned into their conversation without being noticed to any great extent. But when Mrs. Worthington saw the Duke's plight she immediately came to his rescue by abandoning the cooling station and declaring, in a rather severe tone of voice, that it was high time they depart. J. J. Worthington, who was engrossed in a low-voiced business conversation with Rainy, broke off abruptly and Rainy accompanied them to their car.

"The old financial pirate is going to dine with the president and some of the other rascals and villains of the republic tonight," said Rainy in disgust after they had departed.

"Perhaps he is figuring on another uprising near Vera Cruz in order to gobble some more wealth and compensate the gold loss," said Rodney.

"He is crazy like a fox," declared Rainy.

"The girl is devilishly nice, tho," ventured Rodney.

"She'd be a lot nicer if the old dame would give her more rope," growled Rainy. "I think this Miss Ethel likes you, my boy, but you spoiled the deal by tripping up the old girl. She's a cool American proposition and you've got to handle her with gloves to get on the sunny side of J. J. Worthington's millions. The Duke's got the system, tho, and from all appearances it is working lovely. He realizes he hasn't got a chance with the girl in a square love-making match, but his title is dear to the old dame's heart, and he's playing her like he would a charmed number on the Monte Carlo game tables. Mrs. Worthington is the law of that outfit and, furthermore, she's anxious to be grandmother to nobility. But you stay here in Vera Cruz a while and I think we can give the Duke a run for his money. I think you can carry off the prize. It's worth carrying off—fifty odd million Yankee dollars, you know!"

"I don't want her," laughed Rodney. "She's nice and all that sort of thing, and while I'd hate to see an American girl traded for a title with a fixed amount of indemnity per annum chucked in, I don't want her gold."

Rainy snorted, but when his eyes wandered thru the door and lit on the palm box his pudgy face beamed with a smile. But Rodney had had enough of Simon Rainy's opinions and made ready to depart.

"I am going back to the hot lands tomorrow. Business, you know," concluded Rodney.

Rainy protested. "So silly, my boy! So silly! If I had your suave tongue, personality and good looks I wouldn't be trading trinkets to wild men in the seething waste lands. Why, I don't understand you!" ejaculated Rainy.

"Nor does anybody else," returned Rodney, and they exchanged good-bys.

CHAPTER IV.

RODNEY MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY TO THE WASTE LANDS.

LA JOSE'S veins were swollen at the temples when Rodney found him again at a table in the Cafe Plaza, for he had seen the Worthingtons pass in their car and the Duke was sitting beside the beautiful Senorita. Since La Jose was madly in love, there was murder in his heart, because he knew that to fall in love with Senorita Worthington was like falling in love with a star.

But an idea had fermented in La Jose's mind when he was on the very brink of lost hope, and his new scheme was so romantic that he literally bubbled over with high spirits.

Rodney cast aside his habitual coolness, sat down at the table and informed the Spaniard that he intended to go back to the hot lands that night, because he feared plotting was going on between the president of the republic and J. J. Worthington, and he figured he would be safer there than in the very clutches of the authorities. When Rodney told La Jose this he expected an excited outburst of protest from the vain Spaniard, but instead La Jose was very much pleased.

"I will not leave Vera Cruz at the same hour you do, Senor, but I will meet you at the watering place, three leagues beyond the city, and will the Senor kindly wait until I come?" whispered La Jose.

Rodney frowned a warning at La Jose: "I will wait there until you come, but be careful lest you burn your fingers, Senor La Jose! Don't shout, 'To h—l with the president of the republic,'" Rodney cautioned.

"Have no fear for me, Senor; see that you are well mounted, have your pistols in excellent repair, and wait until I come," replied La Jose.

Rodney scented a romance of some sort that involved very unromantic consequences. He knew that La Jose had no intention of plundering with enough gold in Rainy's safe to bribe the native population of Vera Cruz, and he knew that the Spaniard hated the scorching waste lands. Rodney was puzzled. He figured La Jose either intended to kill an enemy, fight a duel over some Senorita in which he knew he would lay his foe low, or shout "to h—l with the president of the republic." The latter was enough to incite revolt, and the perpetrator of such an offense always died at sunrise in Vera Cruz. And so, without further warning, Rodney left La Jose sipping Madrid wine, puffing at a gold-tipped cigarette and dreaming like a true Spaniard.

Juanita was surprised and pouted and stamped viciously with her pretty feet when Rodney arrived at her villa and told her that he would leave Vera Cruz for the hot lands when the dusk grew deeper. When he caught hold of her hand, with which she waved back and forth a red rose, drew her to him and tried to kiss her, she rebuked him. She was suspicious, jealous and angry all at the same time and made no attempt to conceal her passions.

"Perhaps the Senor has grown tired of his Senorita and would use the hot lands as an excuse for going away," she sneered. "Maybe the Senor is fascinated by a fairer Senorita who came to Vera Cruz in her own fine boat. If so, why does the Senor trifle with Juanita Corbina? I care not, my fine Yankee brigand. Not the snap of my fingers. See, Senor!"

Juanita snapped her fingers and laughed, but it was not the sweet, musical laugh that had followed him when he had left her villa and she had thrown red roses after him and sang snatches from some romantic Spanish hero song.

"You are positively sure you don't care the snap of your pretty fingers, aren't you, my lady?" smiled Rodney.

Juanita's red lips curled sarcastically and her brown eyes flashed defiantly. "When the Senor is married—pouff! Why, then he will regret. His fair creature will grow fat and pudgy and the grand Senor then will become ashamed of her. She will make him drink tea—not red Madrid wine, and he will become pale. Ah, too bad, Senor! For you no

(Continued on Page 25.)

A Powerful Story of Brotherly Love and Love of Another Kind

THE WAY OF WRATH

By Alvah Milton Kerr

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OLD STEPHAN BERET, chef to the house of Fuller since the days of the Riel rebellion, a red fiasco that sent him and many another tumbling hastily out of the Canadian Northwest in search of secret quiet, sat on the top step of the short stairway leading to the door of the rear piazza of the Fuller mansion, shelling peas. Pong Lee, laundryman and general lord of order in chamber, parlor and dining-room, stood at a long table patiently ironing the Fuller linen.

"I think it is not bees I hear, but Doctar Frank's buggy wheels make spin," Stephan said as he turned toward the laundryman. "Oui; it is him! How that man makes the horses rone! He drives like the davil most of the time. Val, he is not help that, he is not get round fast 'noff anyhow for all the folks. Evar'body think they got to have that boy fix them up, evar'body in fifty mile round. But he don't get tired; his cheeks red, he laugh, he like it, he make himself lot fun."

The old man stood up with the pan of peas in his arms, his eyes following a cloud of dust advancing swiftly up the road that followed the creek. In the cloud a span of black horses, dust-grayed and with noses outstretched, swept forward, and a man in a light buckboard and befloured as with pollen swayed and pulled at the reins, speaking now and then an encouraging, urging sentence to the rushing horses. Old Stephan's eyes glowed.

"He is one grand davil!" he breathed.

Pong Lee ironed away steadily. "Allee same good man, sure Mike," he said quietly.

"Him just good man?" cried the old French Canadian scornfully. "Hein! you have been here six weeks! Wait until you have been here six year, twelve year, more, like me, then you know he is grand nobleman, splandid doctar! Evar'body lof' him, he lof' evar'body, his heart is tendar like babee, but he is not 'fraid of anyt'ing. He rides all night t'roo the dark mountains, he is not scared, he comes home on gray dawn his face all on smile, he is drink two, t'ree, cop coffee, and slap me on my back and say, 'Stephan, I fix up two, t'ree, five, six people that are sick or hurt, they are come on fine! I think, Stephan, that we will make one big grin, eh?' Ciel! then we make a screech! Some time he is come in ver' still and sobar and not drink his coffee, just stir it with spoon, and look out the window a long time and mabbie say, 'Stephan, I think I got to whip Phil Bull today, he is whip his wife last night;' then I know he is lost a patient, some one is decease. Then——"

The fat, gray chef stopped his loquacious tongue and looked and listened. The buckboard whirled up to the stables at the foot of the garden, and Doctor Frank jumped to the ground.

"Jim here?" he roared.

A youngish fellow stumbled out of the stables, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, sir, yes," he mumbled.

"Hook the roans in here; be spry!" said the doctor. "Rub the blacks down carefully, put clean bedding under them, don't give them but little water or grain now, they are warm; feed and water them about eight. Better bring the grays in from pasture tonight, I may want them tomorrow." He turned toward the house.

"Stephan," he called, "throw some food in a basket and bring it down here to the buckboard; I can't wait for dinner."

"Yes, doctar, yes," assented the old man, waddling hurriedly into the kitchen, while Pong Lee went on ironing as one who heard nothing.

With the doctor's shout to Stephan a young woman came out from the house thru a side door and ran down toward the stables. She had black hair and big dark eyes and moved quickly and lithely with youth and gladness. When she came panting to the doctor's side he put his arm about her and kissed her, the face of each alight as from pleasure. As they talked, a woman, white-haired and leaning upon a cane, came slowly down the slope and paused in an open space, shielding her eyes from the light with a thin, trembling hand.

"Frankie, son, can't you wait for dinner? Can't you rest a while?" she called, her voice quavering with weakness and strong concern.

The doctor, a huge fellow with brown hair and dark blue eyes, turned his face toward her quickly.

"I wish I could, mother; indeed, I wish I could stay with you," he said, "but I must be over at Clanahan by seven.

"Oh, yes," he went on suddenly, "I have a letter, I'll bring it to you."

He hurried thru a gate and up to the open ground where she awaited him. As he handed the letter to her he looked down upon her white head and withered face with ineffable tenderness.

"You'll like it, mother, it's good," he said glowingly.

He watched her face as she tremblingly read the short epistle. When she had finished reading it she looked up to him with her lineaments all alive and her eyes suffused with happy tears.

"'He is winning out,' he says, 'and the —weakness no longer touches him!' God is surely good, my son. But up there it must be difficult, rough and beset with temptations. Do you pray for him, my son? We ought always to remember him so."

The rugged giant before her was suddenly grave. "You know I am not a praying man, mother," he said; "I am even a wicked one, but I can pray for him. I cannot keep it back; it goes up from my heart often when I am alone in the darkness among the mountains, and always, I think, when I sit by the bed of a sick child; the presence of a sick child somehow brings him strangely near."

She reached up her thin, shaking hands and drew his leonine head down to her and kissed him. "God bless you, my son!" she murmured.

The man put his great arms about her frail figure and laid his brown face against her cool cheek for a moment, then released her. When he came out by the stables again, the lithe, dark-eyed girl was helping Jim hitch the roans to the buckboard, patting the horses and talking to them. A few moments later old Stephan came puffing thru the gate and pushed a basket under the seat of the vehicle.

"You will find a whole baked chicken in, ver' brown, and a bottle hot coffee, doctar, and——" he began.

The doctor laughingly pushed him aside and sprang upon the seat. "Good-by, Louise, good-by, Stephan, good-by, Jim," he said.

He pulled on the reins and the roans shot along the road northward.

"About midnight, Louise, about midnight, I think," his voice came back thru the dust, and then he was gone.

"He is one grand davil!" declared Stephan.

"Shasta or Frank?" laughed the girl.

"He Go to His Room, and Buckle Belt Around His Waist, With Two Pistols In, Then He Is Go Look for His Brother."

"Both, madame, both!" exclaimed the old chef with a profound obeisance.

They passed thru the gate and up among the fruit trees. "You need not hurry serving dinner, Stephan; about seven will do," said the young woman, following a path that led toward the front of the dwelling.

"Oui; I not disappoint," said the old man, bowing. He followed her retreating figure with beaming eyes.

"She is a petite angal in that fluffy white drass! I not ver' much blame them boys to fight and try to kill each oddar 'bout her! Gar, I do like that myself some time long 'go!"

He wandered up the path slowly in musing mood and seated himself with a grunted sigh on the step again and resumed the shelling of peas.

"The doc work bally hard, sure Mike," remarked Pong Lee in his thin treble, without looking up.

"Like a wild cat! Some time is he rich man if he lives," assented Stephan. He mused a while. "You evar hear 'bout M'sieu' Charlie, the doctar's brother, what big trouble they have, what davil of time 'bout young madame, t'ree, four year ago?" he asked.

Pong Lee glanced toward him with face as expressionless as dough. "Yah, Sam Foy by big wash-house talkee me some, say doc tleat Chlally bally bad," he replied.

Old Stephan emitted a snarl of irritation. "Ventrebleu! that pie-face monkey not know what he talk 'bout! The doctar shoot his brother, I know, but he is good to him, he is angal in the end. The doctar a bad man? Such kind of talk makes me ver' much disgust! I tell you 'bout that, the whole truth, you want hear that?"

"Sure Mike," said the Chinaman quietly.

"Val, I been here long time," he said; "old M'sieu' Fullar hire me for chef when I come down from that bloody racket that we have up in northwest Canadaw. I have a hole in my left leg from a bullet, ver' sore, and I like it here and stay till I lof' all the folks and nevar care to live any oddar place. Old M'sieu' Fullar was a pioneer here; he is have graval mine down the creek and big ranch in the valley, and build a big house here long time ago. He was great man. Old madame she was fine lady that time when I come here—stand up straight and boss like a queen—but after long time old M'sieu' Fullar die and young M'sieu' Charlie make trouble—sacre! but that boy make trouble! He is 'bout kill his moddar, he is put evarything on the bum.

"They always have hard time with that boy, old madame tell me. He play tricks on folks, steal things, make lies, fight like a cat; still, most evarybody likes him because he is such a pretty chap. He is younger by five years than M'sieu' Frank; he is got shape as fine as young girl, his eyes are like amber, the big hazel, his hair is wave and is like chestnut in the color; old madame she is crazy with lof' of that boy.

"She not seem to think so much 'bout M'sieu' Frank. He is big, rugged, plain kind of boy. He is wild, too, sometimes, but he is lof' his moddar that hard he is not go much wrong. And M'sieu' Frank, how he is lof' that little davil brother of his! He is fight for him, he is whip oddar boys when Charlie make them mad, he is whip oddar boys sometimes when he is better whip Charlie, he is take the blame lots of times and get licked when Charlie has done wrong. That is the way it goes while they 'tend school here.

"Byme-by, M'sieu' Frank go away to school; he is going to be doctar some time. There is nobody much to look after that M'sieu' Charlie; he is laugh at old madame, he is fool round and have big fun, he is learn to gamble, he is make the money fly, he is get in scrapes with gairls. Mon Dieu, but that boy can raise Edouard with the women. Old madame she's get him out of scrapes time after time; they is 'bout richest folks in the valley, and she is stand between him and the law sometimes. She's lof' him and want him to be lawyar, she's try to fill him with aspiration, but he is only laugh and have fun, he is seem to think they are rich and there is no use of him making himself trouble 'bout work. Old madame send him away to school after a time, but he is not stay long, he has big fun, he raise Edouard, and they give him grand bounce. That is how things rone. Old madame she's get white hair fast them days.

"M'sieu' Charlie, he is get to be a man 'bout that time; he is make his twenty-one ye'r, and he make demand for his share of the property that old M'sieu' Fullar left when he die. Old madame she's not like to do that; but she's have to put big mortgage on the ranch down the valley and give M'sieu' Charlie that money, then that boy he skips out. He is play stud pokar and buck the faro game from 'Freesco to Portland, he is raise davil generale, he is have two, t'ree gun fights and land in jail, but old madame she's hire big lawyar and get him clear. After a time evarybody knows that boy from 'Freesco to Portland; he is called Ivory Charlie; that for reason that his hands and face are white like milk, and nobody can tell what he is think 'bout when he plays pokar, he make no expression in his face when he is play, just like marble image.

"All that time M'sieu' Charlie drink whisk', he is hit hard, but it not show in his looks, he is white as lily and his eyes are clear like stars. Funny 'bout that, how some man drink little whisk' and look like lobstar, noddar man drink whole lot and look like snow! M'sieu' Charlie not just like elder one or oddar of them kind, whisk' just make him look natural, make him cool and his mind clear. But some time he is drink champagne, whole lot, then he is get sick and crazy and want to kill somebody; that's when he is get in bad trouble.

"And old madame she's have bad time all them days; she's put mortgage on graval mine, but that mine is not much good longer, that been 'bout exhaust'. M'sieu' Frank he is come home evary summer and work like davil to make things go, and one time he is find new family have buy and move in house next door, over the hedge there. He is find, too, there is young girl in that house bit make his heart jump. That is Ma'm'selle Louise Portar then. He is go over there and sit on the porch with her most evar' night, some times he is take her to ride on the mountainside in the moonlight. He is a big, kind chap and she likes him, that is plain as the nose on his face, and that is mighty plain.

"Val, that happen in his vacation the year before he is graduate. Old madame she's ask him is he going to make marriage with Ma'm'selle Louise. He kiss his moddar and laugh but he not say. He is look mighty pleased. Things mighty bad with M'sieu' Charlie that year; he is bust up flat and have a big fuss down at Chico, he is get a knife in his back and come home and let old madame nurse him. When he is get

around again he is meet up with Ma'm'selle Louise and go ovar often and sit on the porch and talk with her. She is look pleased, but all the time kind of startled like she's 'fraid of him, he is so fascinate, so han'some, so differen' from oddar men. You understand all this that I been telling you?"

"Sure, Mike," blandly replied the Mongolian, sprinkling a tablecloth and spreading it over the ironing board.

"Val," he resumed, "after a time M'sieu' Charlie light out again; he is gone up on Portland and deal faro-game on a salary, they say. Ma'm'selle Louise, I think, is glad that he is gone; she's 'fraid that boy is going to make her lof' him spite of all she can do; he is fascinate as Satan. Old madame she's make herself sick for that he is gone away; I'm sor', too, for that boy is ver' agreeable when he feels like it.

"Next summer M'sieu' Frank make graduate and come home in June. He is big chap and ev'rybody likes him. Soon as he make his moddar embrace and kiss, he is go find Ma'm'selle Louise; he is look happy after that; he is roll up his sleeves and begin the fight on them mortgages, he is got to clear away them big dabts on the estate. All that time when he is been home in summer, t'ree, four year, he is not speak 'bout M'sieu' Charlie to any one except his moddar. He is look mighty bad sometimes, down in his heart he is both sor' and bitter, that is plain; he is sor' that boy throw himself away and make Fullar name onpleasant sound when men speak it; he is bitter that M'sieu' Charlie nigh break up the estate and make his moddar a wreck, but he is not talk 'bout that to nobody. One time I 'splode with angar, I say, 'M'sieu' Charlie heartless houn',' and M'sieu' Frank look at me like mad grizzly and say, 'No more of that, Stephan, or you can't stay here; that boy is my brother, don't let that slip your mind!' After that I keep my mouth button up.

"Val, M'sieu' Frank begin to be doctar right away; old Doctar Sherman, down the valley, he is play out, not fit to ride any more, so ev'rybody have M'sieu' Frank and like him; he is get big practas, in a few months. He is work like wild meddar lighting them mortgages; next year he is 'spact to marry Ma'm'selle Louise; things not look so bad quite. We not have any word from M'sieu' Charlie for a long time, most a year; old madame she's most distract; then sudden he is come home. Then the grand trouble begin, the tempas' it break loose.

"M'sieu' Charlie is han'some as ever; if anything he is more white. He is have fine mustache that curl up at ends, he is part his chas'nut hair in centar and wave it back, his nose is straight and fine, he make stun' appearance. He is not big like Doctor Frank, but he is not 'fraid of anything; he is handle pistol like lightning. He is get fine enough clothes, but he is get no money, so he bor' of Doctar Frank. That is pretty tough, since Doctar Frank is working his head crooked trying to pay the mortgages. At first he seem glad that M'sieu' Charlie is come back; he is lof' that boy, and think he is going to gret him to look after the graval mine and ranch and be a man, but M'sieu' Charlie he not work more than a cat; he is fool round, play cards down at Sam Lany's place and ovar at Clanahan, but more than anything else he is hang round Ma'm'selle Louise. He is know that she's expect to marry Doctar Frank, but he don't pay no attention to that; he is always take any gairl that he is want away from his brother when they was boys; he is seem to think it is great fun. Doctar Frank not seem to care much at first, he is ver' busy, and he is believe in Ma'm'selle Louise like he believes in God. But after a time it boddar him, that is plain.

"Doctar Frank find out something sure 'bout M'sieu' Charlie that he is suspect for a long time; that boy he is use morphine. He is not hit the pipe, that way, he is take little bit evar' day. It not make him sleepy like some folks, it make him brilliant in his mind, it make him smooth as snake, it make him not care if a thing is right or is wrong. That is the way it goes when a man poison himself with them things. Whisk' takes the fine edge off his moral sanse, it makes him bad enough; but morphine makes him blind to all that is wrong; he is steal and lie and evan take the human life and not seem to feel that it is sin.

"After that Doctar Frank he is grow uneasy, he is sor', he is angry, he is disgust. He is not want Ma'm'selle Louise to 'sociate with M'sieu' Charlie; he is 'fraid of him. Ma'm'selle Louise she's 'fraid of him, too, but she's not know ver' much 'bout him, only that he is Doctar Frank's brother and han'some and fascinate; she's not think it polite to turn him down, she not know what human davil that boy is. Doctar Frank he is talk to M'sieu' Charlie, he is tell him kindly not to see Ma'm'selle Louise frequent, that he is not want him to bring more trouble on them, that he is bring enough of that as it is; but M'sieu' Charlie only laugh and go ovar and sit on the porch with Ma'm'selle Louise more frequent, he is make hi'self ver' charming to her. Then Doctar Frank he is talk to Ma'm'selle Louise; he is hint that she is too sweet on M'sieu' Charlie, that he not approve. He is too proud, too dignify to say things against his brother to her, he not like to tell her how low his brother is. Ma'm'selle Louise she is not know the real truth and she is resant what he say; she is proud, she is have speerit, and she make sharp respond. Doctar Frank in his heart is jealous, he is fly up hot and say it look like she is want that boy most too much, he is forbid her to entertain M'sieu' Charlie. Then that girl stand up straight, how she is wonderful! She say she is still able to choose who she is talk to, she say at least his brother is a gentleman. Doctar Frank he is full up to his throat with heat; he say it look like she is in lof' with M'sieu' Charlie. Ma'm'selle Louise pat her little foot on the floor and look away and not say. Then Doctar Frank walk away, his breast black inside, his face white; he come straight home and go in his room and buckle belt round his waist with two pistols in, then he is go look for his brother.

"He Is Terrify, and Cry Out Pitiful. Then Doctor Frank Rise on His Knees and Take His Gun in His Hand and Shoot."

"He is go down the hill and round in direction of Sam Lany's place, and he is meet M'sieu' Charlie coming along a path that rones up to the Portar house. Doctar Frank his blood is boil, he is call M'sieu' Charlie sneak-thief and ongrateful pup, he is tell him there is not room enough in the valley for them both, he is tell M'sieu' Charlie to get straight out of these parts and not come back, he is going to stay right hare and save the estate and win Ma'm'selle Louise back, if he can. M'sieu' Charlie just laugh at first, then he fly in passion and they have hot time. Doctar Frank take Charlie by the collar and swing him round and start him down the path, then M'sieu' Charlie whirl back like lightning and shoot. Doctar Frank he is drop like dead.

"M'sieu' Charlie look at his brother a minute; he is kill him, he is a murdarer! His brain come full of scare, he is see himself hang, he is burn with flames of fear. Like a wild man he rone down the hill and slip in a man's barn and take a horse and fly.

"Doctar Frank he is lay there some time like he is dead, then he wakes up; M'sieu' Charlie's bullet is gone back of his ear and 'cross the base of his brain and make him stun', he is feel blood rone down his back. Then he is get up and he is gone mad, he is a wild tigar, he is davil. He is look all 'round for his brother, and he is see him 'bout a mile away going up a road out of the valley on a horse. Then Doctar Frank make himself home quick; he is not speak word to anybody, he is go in stable and take out big bay colt and jump on its back and ride after M'sieu' Charlie like the wind. His blue eyes they is turn black, and have specks of fire in centar; he is say to himself that the end of some things come now; there will be no more dabts placed on the estate, there will be no more gumble, no more morphine, no more moddar made in torment, he is goin' finish all that. He is not feel that wound in back of his neck, he is think Ma'm'selle Louise is not going to be his wife, M'sieu' Charlie steal her lof' like snake and try to kill him; his blood burn in his veins and hurts him like poison, he is navar look back, he is ride like hungry tigar.

"M'sieu' Charlie is wild with scare, he is see in his mind his brother dead on the ground back there, he is not know where he will go hardly. As he gallops on he is think mabbie he is strike railroad at Sisson or Montague and take a train to Portland, there he is go on a ship to China, or mabbie he is go up by Spokane and lose himself in woods in Canadaw; he is not know sure. He is ride hard along the road that follows Puma Ridge, and turn in on trail that leads round on the base of Shasta Mountain; he not know that Doctar Frank is ride after him like angel of death. Sudden he is hear sound of horse's hoofs pound the ground back of him. He turn quick with feeling that icy wind strike him and there is Doctar Frank coming with a gun in hand and face so changed he is hardly know him!

"M'sieu' Charlie feel his heart stop like it freeze, he is know now what fool he is been, he know now he is got to kill his brother or to be killed. He is cry to Doctar Frank like wild man to go back, that he is sor', but Doctar Frank nevar stop, he come on with face like steel, he fling up his arm, and his pistol flash and M'sieu' Charlie's hat fly off with hole in it and lock of his hair jump in the wind and blow away. Then M'sieu' Charlie's gun crack and something rone 'cross Doctar Frank's shouldar like hot iron, next moment Doctar Frank's gun speak sharp again, and M'sieu' Charlie's horse drop under him like ox knocked down. M'sieu' Charlie fall hard, but he is on his feet in instant, he is look for his gun, but his horse ran on it and break it; he is pull it from undar the horse and try to shoot, then he is fling it away, he is white and cool now like he is play pokar game, he look at Doctar Frank and grin. Doctar Frank is never speak word, he is urge his horse on, his eyes like point of rapiar, his face like iron; he is swing his arm on straight line, but M'sieu' Charlie he steps behind a tree, and the next moment he is going up the slope toward the top of the mountain. Doctar Frank lift his gun and fire, M'sieu' Charlie wavar little, then he is turn and kiss his hand to his brother and laugh, then he is gone out of sight among the trees.

"Doctar Frank he is not stop an instant, he feels blood rone down his shouldar and back, he is not a man any longer, he is a wolf, he is a savage; he flings himself off horse and hitch it to saplin' and start after M'sieu' Charlie like a lion that has a wound in its head. He is push hard up the mountain for some time, he is hear M'sieu' Charlie now and then, and some times he is get a glimpse of him ahead of him in the woods, but he can't come up to him. That boy is not so heavy as Doctar Frank, besides he make a climb to keep his life.

"After a long time Doctar Frank break out of the woods and come to fields of snow, snow that sweep up and up it seems like forevar, and there he is see M'sieu' Charlie on the white slope above him, half a mile away. That boy is make straight up towards the summat, he is think Doctar Frank will not follow him far, but Doctar Frank is follow him fierce like a man follow animal that is carry off his child. He is see blood drops on snow where M'sieu' Charlie walk and he is not rest, he climb hard and pant like houn'.

"Long in the night they begin to go mighty slow. Doctar Frank is feel his feet like heavy stones; still, he is pant and struggle on with his heart full of flames; he is follow M'sieu' Charlie's tracks in the snow, he is see his brother ahead of him many times like a black fly on a white sheet, but he is nevar get near enough to shoot. They both is freeze only that they exercise like mad. It go that way 'till mabbie midnight, then Doctar Frank begins to see M'sieu' Charlie ahead of him all the time; M'sieu' Charlie is begin to fail, he is ver' weak; still, Doctar Frank not come up to him, he is himself like a sick child, he can hardly stand on his feet. After a time M'sieu' Charlie falls down, but he is get up and stumble on, then he is fall again, and after a time he is crawl on his hands and knees. Doctar Frank think then he is going to have him, but Doctar Frank is stagger like drunk man, he is step sideways and slip back and is fall down, he is rise up on his knees and shoot, but his hands shake like palsy and it do no good; he is got to come near if he is make a kill.

"Inen after little time M'sieu' Charlie crawl into a stream of warm water, it is melt a black path thru the snow. Some time that mountain top been a volcano, and there is two, t'ree warm springs yet. He is crawl up that little stream, some time he is lap it with his tongue like a dog, his throat is burn with thirst like hot cindars. Doctar Frank he is get in the little stream and crawl after M'sieu' Charlie, he is come nearer to his brother. Pretty soon M'sieu' Charlie come to the warm spring itself; there is a wall of stone beyond it and he can go no farther. He is get up on his feet and turn round and stagger, he is see Doctar Frank come crawling and he is terrify and cry out pitiful. Then Doctar Frank rise on his knees and take his gun in his hand and shoot, and M'sieu' Charlie falls back where he can't see him. Doctar Frank then crawl on up to the spring with his mouth open like a dog that pants with heat; he is come to M'sieu' Charlie and feel of him, he is find hole in M'sieu' Charlie's breast and the warm blood rone ovar his hands, then he is faint, he is sink down on his face, he is like a dead man.

"After a little time he is come to and sit up. There is a little flat place there six, eight feet wide, where the snow is melt off, it is like wet ashes and is warm and steam rise up and blow against the doctar's face. He look at his brother's face and it wavers in the stream and seems like when they is little chaps playing in the orchard below the house here, then his heart come tendar and suddan he take off his coat and tear his shirt in pieces and stuff in the bullet hole in M'sieu' Charlie's breast. He is find that M'sieu' Charlie's arm is pierced with bullet, and he tie it hard above the wound so it does not bleed. M'sieu' Charlie is not know anything, he is lay like he is asleep.

"Byme-by, after long time, the sky it get red in the east, the far mountaintops they lift up shining out of the gray dark like whales break out of the sea, and Doctar Frank he is set there holding M'sieu' Charlie's hand, his finkar on Charlie's pulse. He look down on the world like a man look out of the sky; he is pale as ghost, he is pray for light of day, he is call wild on the sun to rise, he have a great thing to do. Just when the sun's edge appear he cry out loud; M'sieu' Charlie's heart is seem to stop beat. Then Doctar Frank is work like lightning, he is take a little leather case from his pocket and out of that he is take a thin glass tube, he is take a little lance from the case and cut a slit in an artary in his left arm and push end of tube into it, he is then put the lance into an artary of M'sieu' Charlie's arm and push oddar end of tube in it, he is then grip his hand round his left arm at the shoulder and strip it down hard and drive his blood into M'sieu' Charlie's veins. He is do that many times, he is hang over that boy and work and pray like a moddar ovar child that is die. He is feel of M'sieu' Charlie's heart, it is beat again, it is weak, but it is beat. He is work a long time, then he is grow dis' and faint, and he take out tube and tie up wounds tight and hard, he is tear his coat all up to tie round the wounds. Then he is take M'sieu' Charlie on his back, like he

is done many times when M'sieu' Charlie is a little boy, and he start down the mountainside. He is naked to his waist, he is stain' red with blood from his wounds, but he is stop for nothing. How he is do that no man in know or believe, but he is carry M'sieu' Charlie miles down mountain troo' the snow and find that bay colt in the woods. It is take him all day, but near night he is bring M'sieu' Charlie home. He have him on the horse like he is lay down, he is hold him there and lead the horse evar' step of the way. M'sieu' Charlie not know ver' much, he is open his eyes some times and whisper, that is all.

"We all been worry night and day about them boys, we is not know where they are gone. Old madame she is worry and Ma'm'selle Louise she is scar', people they is begin to talk. Then when it been come most night Doctar Frank lead the horse up to our gate with M'sieu' Charlie on, and we hear old madame scream. Ma'm'selle Louise scream, too, and rone to them boys, and oddar folks come on rone. Sacre, but that is a tarrable sight! M'sieu' Charlie lay on horse like a rag and is white like he is dead; Doctar Frank is stain' with dust and blood. Old madame she fall down in swoon and Ma'm'selle Louise stare at Doctar Frank like insane.

"'I is kill my brother,' Doctar Frank say, 'I is kill him but bring him back to life for you; if you lof' him he is yours!'

"Ma'm'selle Louise is then cry out pittiful, she is fling herself down at Doctar Frank's feet, and take hold of him round his knee, she is weep and say she is lof' only him, she is never lof' any oddar man. Then Doctar Frank is lift her up and look in her face t'ree, four seconds, then he put his hands on his face and break down and cry like a child.

"There is some folks round and they hear Doctar Frank say that he is kill his brother; there is constable present and he is think he is arrest Doctar Frank. When M'sieu' Charlie is been carried in house and is drink lot of coffee, he say, 'Send that constable in here to me.' When the constable come in M'sieu' Charlie look at him cool and steady:

"'Don't lay finger on my brother,' he say; 'I been take morphine and it make me crazy; I shoot at my brother and rone off up mountain and try to kill myself. He is follow me and save me. I shoot myself twice up on mountain but he is save me, don't lay fingar on him!' That is how there come to be two stories in the valley about who is make trouble in that big scrape.

"Val, after a long time M'sieu' Charlie is heal up and go away, and Doctar Frank make marriage with Ma'm'selle Louise. After a time Doctar Frank get letter from M'sieu' Charlie; that boy is up on the Yukon, and he send lot of money to help clear dahts off the estate. He say he is keep straight and have a gold mine up there, that since Doctar Frank shoot him and put some of his honest blood in him he is pretty decent man! That ver' funny to us all.

"Now, you have the true story of that grand mix-up, much the same as M'sieu' Charlie told me himself."

Stephan paused. The odor of roasting meat drew him into the kitchen, and the Mongolian, looking up from his work, let his gaze wander over the snow-capped mountains, where the doctor had regenerated Charlie.

Wanted More "Close-ups."

DIRECTOR DE MILLE of Lasky's was discussing a certain type of screen actor who is never satisfied with his part.

"They remind me," said he, "of the case of a lady who heard a stranger in a railway carriage say that if any man should see himself intoxicated he would never be intoxicated again, and having a husband addicted to alcoholism, and also plenty of money, she thought of experimenting.

"The moving picture operator whom she engaged was not kept waiting long for an opportunity of filming the errant husband, and in the presence of relations the subject was privileged to behold himself on the screen.

"He was very quiet thruout, and gravely left the room, which the others thought a good sign.

"Finding he had also left the house, his brother set out to find him, running him to earth eventually in the club, busy—as an attendant stated—with his fifteenth whisky and soda.

"'Look here,' said the brother 'I didn't think I'd find you back at this game.'

"'Didn't you?' innocently asked the subject. 'Well, the fact of the matter is, that the film didn't do me justice!'"

Taking It Out in Trade.

A YOUNG darky in the South, who was of very limited means, took unto himself a wife. Upon the conclusion of the marriage ceremony he proffered to the minister three 25-cent pieces.

"Dese is about all I's got, parson," said he, regretfully. Then, observing a disappointed look on the face of the clergyman, he added, hastily, "But ef we has any chillun, we's goin' to send 'em to your Sunday school."

Value Received

By Archie Cameron New

"BUT, Vivian," Phil Brent protested to his fiancee, "it will only be for a week or two. I must work at night—that is, if we're to live as you want us—after we're married, dear."

"Oh, Phil," came her pouting answer, "what am I to do all that time? Stay home and mope?"

He gazed at her beautiful face contritely and a pang went thru his heart, but he was facing a grim necessity.

"But now's our big season, dear," he pleaded. "You want a car and all that—so I've got to do my best now. Of course, if you will do without the car for a while and be content with our usual amusements, I'll give up the idea."

"Oh, no, don't," she answered quickly. "Maybe you're right." Then her eyes brightened and she leaned against him. "I have it. I know how you can get away some nights and we can take in a show or two."

"How?" Phil regarded her curiously.

"Attend to all your big matters during the day," she continued eagerly. "Put off dictating your mail till late. Then you can get away—in time to get over here."

"Vivian!" he protested quickly. "How can you suggest such a thing? Don't you know what that would mean? It would keep Miss Hunter and Charlie down there long after hours. It wouldn't be fair to them."

"And the other plan wouldn't be fair to me," she pouted, and drew her finely manicured hands away from his sleeve. "You say you love me, and yet you're thinking more about a mere paid stenographer than the one you've asked to be your wife."

"But dear," he answered in dismay, "they're not machines, you know. And after a hard day's work they want some pleasure. And you can come downtown and have dinner with me every night—at the Brest House or the Ansonia."

"At those morgues!" she cried, frowning heavily. "Why, Phil! None of the nice people go there. They're so dead—no dancing, no style. Why not the Amusique?"

"You seem to forget, dear," he told her solemnly, "that it's going to be a busy month and a hard one for me."

"Month?" she almost screamed. "Phil!"

"Maybe not so long," he replied hastily, "but never mind, think of the wonderful times we'll have after that." And he leaned forward to take her in his arms, but she wriggled out of reach.

"Don't," she snapped, impatiently. "You'll crush my sweet peas."

"Hang 'em," he exclaimed, man-like. "I'll buy more."

Phil left Vivian's home that evening in a rather wry humor. Why couldn't she understand? He shuddered at the prospect ahead, for the siren still held her spell over him. Then he thought of Lucille Hunter. She'd work willingly enough after hours, but was it fair? Maybe she had friends of her own—a beau, perhaps. Why not? She was a pretty girl, he reflected, and a fine one. No, he decided he would work with them. It would be hard, but it was just. Vivian was only joking.

"I'll Marry Her If She'll Have Me."

The next day found Brent deep in his new plans. At his elbow, silently and efficiently worked Lucille Hunter, while Charlie, dear, sober old "High-Chair Charlie," as the bookkeeper was called, took on an air of new importance, for Brent had instructed him to add $5 to his weekly wage.

Far into the afternoon they worked, Brent never still and Lucille apparently always on the go. And then Brent, gazing at the clock, started and turned to Lucille.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hunter," he apologized, looking at her thru eyes heavy with fatigue. "It's 7 o'clock. You'd better run along. And you, too, Charlie. Many thanks. I'll finish up myself."

"Oh, Mr. Brent, you can't," she pleaded earnestly, with a winsome smile. "Don't mind me. I'll stay here. I don't mind."

Brent regarded her gratefully.

"But," he insisted, "at least you must go to dinner. Here; take a dollar and stay out an hour. But first get Miss Grey on the phone, will you?"

She hurried away lightly to do his bidding, and a moment later he heard Vivian's voice. He wanted her to come down to dinner, he told her. He only had an hour, but he needed her company—badly.

"But, Phil," she answered, irritably, "you're so provoking. I just got home from a card party and I'm all tired out. Why not work now," she added brightly, "and then come over. We'll go to a show and then dinner afterward. How about it?"

Something in her tone annoyed him strangely and he bit his lips.

"Never mind," he answered. "I'll eat alone. Perhaps some other evening," he added hopefully.

"Not until Friday," she answered. "Mrs. Dodd-Bruce wants me to help her with the series of lawn fetes she's giving, and I've promised."

He said good-by hurriedly and then, in no pleasant frame of mind, went out to dinner—alone. But a good dinner, well served, has a tonic effect on the most jaded body, and he returned to the office to find Miss Hunter up to her neck in work.

"Mr. Brent," she greeted him happily, "I've found a way to save 10 per cent of the cost on every invoice. But will that be all right?"

"Surely," he assured her. "If we give them 'value received' for their money, they've no kick coming." And on until at 10:30 Brent told her to leave the rest until tomorrow.

"It's late," he said regretfully, "Better take a taxi."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she answered smilingly. "I'll take a car."

Thruout the next three weeks Brent worked like mad. And yet he found work as a solace, for Vivian had only joined him once. Headaches, card parties and the like were her ready excuses, while at the same time she upbraided Phil for his nightly absence. The sympathy and womanly support he had the right to expect, he did not get, and at the very time it was most needed, with the strain of his work breaking him down. And then came the hour when Dr. Godfrey, on a hurried visit to Phil's office late one afternoon, told him he was ill—he must go away for a month. Absolute quiet, he ordered, and then left.

"Absolute quiet," echoed Phil dully, "a whole month?"

"You should," asserted Miss Hunter, looking up from her machine. Then she nodded brightly. "But don't worry. Things will right now. And Charlie and I'll take care of the office."

Phil regarded her gratefully, then turned and stared long and hopefully at Vivian's photo. Would she be sorry? Of course, wasn't she going to be his wife? Maybe she could join him at Wildwood with her mother. He reached for the phone and called her number.

"Ah, dear," he brightened as he heard her voice. "I have bad news. Dr. Godfrey has ordered me away for a month. Absolute quiet, he orders." He awaited her reply eagerly.

"Phil," she exclaimed peevishly, "why couldn't you be careful? You're so trying—to my good nature. Now you won't be able to take me to the horse show next week."

Brent recoiled as if struck! Not a word of sympathy for him—and he working for her pleasure—only annoyance at her own disappointment. Then he saw red. It was as if he had torn the veil from her face, and revealed her as she was—cold, selfish, thoughtless—inhuman!

"Don't mind that!" he grated harshly. "Maybe you can get one of your other —props—to take you. Not only to the horse show—but to the pig show—anywhere—I don't care a bang. Good-natured, you call yourself! You're good-natured as long as things go your way. There's no thought of others in your make-up—only you, you, you!"

"Phil!" she echoed aghast. "How dare you?"

"I dare anything!" he flared back. "You've had everything I could give, value received, for your warmed-over affections, your meaningless smiles. I'm tired of being a puppet—a mere prop. I'm dead tired! And if it hadn't been for Lucille I'd have been dead—do you know that?"

"Perfectly well," she snapped petulantly, "and more besides. She loves you—I don't. She shows it like a silly schoolgirl. Mr. Brent this, Mr. Brent that. Get her to cheer you up. Get her to gush over you. Get her to marry you. You love her. Marry her!"

"I admit it," he answered grimly, "tho I didn't know it—till now. I do love Lucille—and I'll marry her, if she'll have me. Good-by!"

He banged up the receiver, then reached for Vivian's picture, tore it into bits, and flung the pieces from him.

He turned to Lucille. She had heard all and was bent over her machine, unable to hide the blush that spread to her ears and neck. He put his arm around her, and raised her gently to her feet.

"You've heard, Lucille," he said solemnly. "It's all true. I love you. I've been a fool not to realize it. It's true I tied my faith to a star, but I know now it's been carrying me as a dead weight for a month. I've got to go away tomorrow. I want to take you with me—as my wife. She says you love me—is it so?"

"But, Mr. Brent," she protested, her eyes downcast, her cheeks still aflame. "I have nothing—am nothing—while you are—"

"In love," he interposed huskily. "With a woman, a womanly woman who knows what love means. If I had her love it would be a million times more than what I could offer. But tell me—was she right?"

She raised her shining eyes to his, and as she nodded her head slowly he caught her joyously into his arms and collected from her willing lips the first installment of love's interest—in full.

Dream On!

A YEAR ago a manufacturer engaged a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the work he was doing. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Ten shillings a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Fifteen shillings."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir, an' I've been thinkin' so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it!"

The boy got the raise.

Silent Maybe.

MISS ALMA was rather a talkative young lady, and her bosom friend, having missed her for some time, called to inquire the reason.

"No, mum, Miss Alma is not in," the maid informed her. "She has gone to the class."

"Why, what class?" inquired the caller in surprise.

"Well, mum, you know Miss Alma is going to get married soon, so she's taking a course of lessons in domestic silence."

Last Half of the Story of a Woman Who Sought

AN ADVENTURE IN MOTHERHOOD

Review of the First Half

AT SQUAW ROCK, a hamlet in northern California, there comes a girl with a sick baby. The women question her, and because she declares that the child is hers but that she does not know its father, they of the community turn their backs on her, and refuse her aid. Jim Barnes, a rancher, and his wife take her in. After the baby gets well, the girl no longer wishes to live on charity, so Mrs. Barnes finds her work in the valley.

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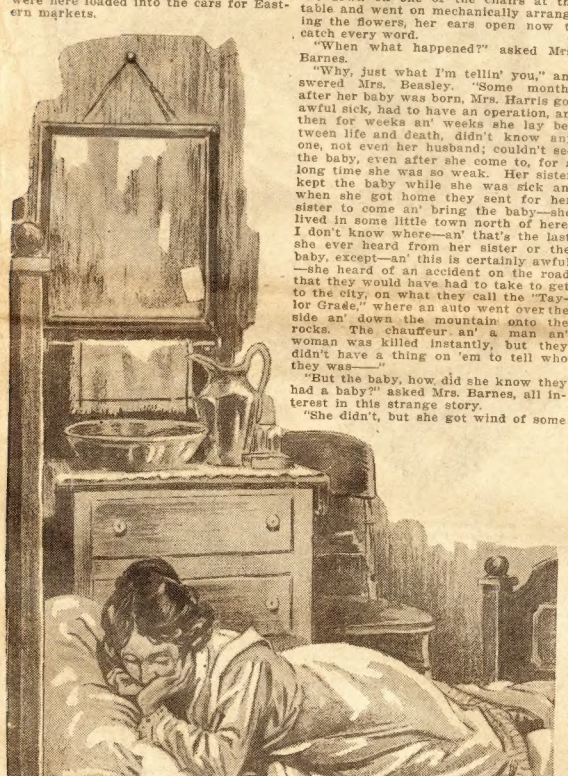
By John Beckner Boude

CHAPTER IV.

MILLIE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

MRS. BARNES, drawn by her desire to see Millie and the baby, made frequent visits to Mrs. Beasley, sometimes by train, sometimes on horseback, by a well-traveled trail on the other side of the river which was spanned by a bridge at Fort Stewart, and which during the days of the fall round-up echoed and trembled beneath the tread of thousands of cattle which were here loaded into the cars for Eastern markets.



So It Had to Come—the Blow Had Fallen—She Had Been Too Happy.

On one of these visits Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Beasley and Millie were out on the screened dining porch. The baby was asleep and Millie was arranging the tables, filling the vases for the centers with wild flowers she had gathered for that purpose. She was gaily humming, absorbed in her work, while Mrs. Beasley and Mrs. Barnes sat comfortably rocking and visiting. None of the boarders were in evidence. Millie had not been paying much heed to the conversation, only catching a word occasionally, when suddenly her attention was arrested by something Mrs. Beasley was saying. She stopped to listen.

"Yes, the doctor says she hain't been the same woman since she lost the baby."

Millie realized then that she was speaking of a famous San Francisco doctor and his wife who had arrived the evening before for several weeks' stay, and had gone this afternoon to locate a good spot for the morning's trout fishing.

"And she sure does look awful," Mrs. Beasley continued, "so pale and sad. The doctor said he thought she would go insane when it happened."

For some reason Millie's knees shook under her, she did not know why. She sat down on one of the chairs at the table and went on mechanically arranging the flowers, her ears open now to catch every word.

"When what happened?" asked Mrs. Barnes.

"Why, just what I'm tellin' you," answered Mrs. Beasley. "Some months after her baby was born, Mrs. Harris got awful sick, had to have an operation, an' then for weeks an' weeks she lay between life and death, didn't know any one, not even her husband; couldn't see the baby, even after she come to, for a long time she was so weak. Her sister kept the baby while she was sick an' when she got home they sent for her sister to come an' bring the baby—she lived in some little town north of here, I don't know where—an' that's the last she ever heard from her sister or the baby, except—an' this is certainly awful—she heard of an accident on the road that they would have had to take to get to the city, on what they call the "Taylor Grade," where an auto went over the side an' down the mountain onto the rocks. The chauffeur an' a man an' woman was killed instantly, but they didn't have a thing on 'em to tell who they was—"

"But the baby, how did she know they had a baby?" asked Mrs. Barnes, all interest in this strange story.

"She didn't, but she got wind of some kind of a story that they was a suitcase found that was full of baby's clothes——"

"But didn't she see the people, the man an' the woman?"

"No; mercy no! It was too long afterward when she heard of it. You know, things that happen in these little mountain towns never do get in the city papers at all sometimes, an' when she did go to the place they—well, they told her if she had been there right after it happened it wouldn't have made no difference—she wouldn't have known her anyhow, even if she was her own sister, they was so smashed up; you see, they was thrown onto the rocks an' the machine on top of 'em——"

"But the suitcase an' the baby clothes, couldn't she?——"

"Well," interrupted Mrs. Beasley, "that was only a story. Some said they was a suitcase and some said they wasn't. Anyhow, they couldn't get track of it, but they dragged the holes in the river to see if they could find the child's body; there was nary a trace of it. If they was a suitcase somebody swiped it, an' so she don't really know if it was her baby, or if they had a baby with 'em. From what the man said where they hired the car to go across the mountains she's pretty sure the couple was her sister and her sister's husband, but about the baby she hain't sure of nothing, an' the doctor says its awful. She wakes up in the night reachin' her arms out on the bed for the baby an' cryin' so pitifully, or he finds her wanderin' in the nursery where his little bed is, half distracted—that's why he brought her up here to see if she won't forget."

Neither had noticed Millie, who had sat with her face turned from them during this recital. Had they seen it they would not have recognized it; all its soft, pretty childishness was gone, all the sweet bloom that had come during these last weeks of happiness, and a stony look of horror had taken its place, a look of horror and grief inconceivable on the face of one so young. She rose unsteadily and, taking up the remainder of the flowers, walked slowly, her face turned from them, swaying a trifle, to the back of the room, on thru the kitchen to her own little room at the rear of the house.

Softly she closed the door so as not to awaken the baby, who lay asleep in his little bed, fashioned from an old clothes basket. She stood gazing down at him for a moment as he lay in all the sweet abandon of healthy slumber, and then, still quietly, not to arouse him, she threw herself across her bed.

So it had come—the blow had fallen—she had been too happy! When, O God, had she ever had any lasting joy? First her mother, then Harold, and now the baby! But, and she started up, galvanized into life by a sudden thought. No one would suspect her. Every one thought the baby was her own child. They had no proof. None—even if the doctor's wife should see the baby she would not recognize it.

But such a revulsion of feeling came over her as to render her physically ill for a moment. Why, what was she thinking of? She needn't give up the baby—he was hers, more hers than any one's else—his mother would forget after a while, his mother—and then she thought of the outstretched arms, the empty cradle—and she fell again to shuddering, sitting on the edge of the bed, her face ghastly. But perhaps she wasn't his mother. However, there was "Taylor Grade." She gazed ahead, numb with misery.

A sound aroused her, a sweet gurgling laugh, the laugh he always awoke with, the laugh of a happy, normal child. She slid off the bed and crawled over to his little crib.

"My baby, my little Buddie boy!" she moaned. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" and she gathered him into her arms, as he put his little hands up to her face, making little sounds that she fondly interpreted as attempts to say her name. It almost seemed to Millie as tho she must die, so great was her misery and distress.

She held him thus pressed to her heart for a few moments, until his coaxings and whimperings for his supper, which he was accustomed to have on awaking from his nap, roused her from her lethargy. She laid him down, dashed cold water on her face to bring back a little life to it, and then proceeded with him to the kitchen, where she attended to his wants. In a daze, she began preparations for supper, telling Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Beasley that she had a sick headache, brought on by the heat while she was gathering flowers for the table. In a sort of dull apathy, she finished her duties, only coming to life for a moment when Mrs. Beasley pointed out the doctor's wife to her, a sweet, sad-faced woman, devotedly waited upon by her stalwart, handsome husband.

"Oh," cried Millie to her bruised and bleeding heart, "she's got everything to make her happy—she—she can have more babies—an' me—oh, I haven't anything but Buddie."

And now began days and nights of torment for Millie. The hungry, yearning look in Mrs. Harris' eyes was like a stab in her heart, for somehow, in her unprotected and independent life, Millie had developed a great regard for truth and honesty. She had consorted more with boys than with girls, the latter were her aversion, with their snippy, self-conscious ways, their sleek braids and perky hair ribbons in such contrast to her unkemptness, a contrast that they never failed to make her feel. Boys had been friendly, recognizing in her an intrepid spirit which they respected. She had been thankful a thousand times that the baby was a boy.

The days she could live thru, her work kept her busy and occupied. The nights were a terror, the contact of the dear, little warm body only bringing to her the more forcibly the fear that she might have to lose her treasure. No amount of fatigue seemed to bring rest, and mornings found her pale and listless. Mrs. Beasley noticed it, but laid it to the heat, which was intense in the middle of the day, and plan as they would there was always work to do. Millie was tireless; when the housework was done she would take the baby and, spreading a quilt under a great bull pine back of the house, she would sit beside him as he rolled around on the quilt.

Dr. Harris and his wife were accustomed to go away early in the morning, carrying a lunch and not coming back until evening. The doctor hoped in this way to bring forgetfulness to his wife's mind. Thus it was that days passed before she was aware that there was a baby about the place. But the inevitable happened at last. Millie was in her accustomed place under the big pine, sewing, while the baby rolled around on the quilt kicking his bare, brown legs in the air and gurgling with his usual happy laughter. His former tan had not abated in this indoor life and he looked more than ever like an Indian baby with his dark hair and eyes.

Mrs. Harris, feeling the heat more than usual had decided to give up the tramp with her husband to the evening fishing ground and had come home alone, insisting that he should not miss his sport. He had reluctantly consented, knowing that solitude was not a good thing for her. She had slowly made her way back to the hotel, her thoughts busy as usual with the problem that confronted her—that of trying to live on without her child. She dreaded unspeakably the return to the city home with its empty nursery, and yet she could not bring herself to dismantle it. Had she been able to reassure herself that the child was really dead it would have been better, but a wild, unreasonable hope still possessed her that he might yet be found. Not a foundling hospital anywhere within reasonable distance of the scene of the accident but what she had visited, but it had been all in vain. Thus her sad thoughts ran when she came suddenly upon Millie and the baby. Her sweet face turned whiter than the blouse she was wearing, and into her eyes came a wild and hungry look of longing as they fell upon the baby.

She came hurriedly to them. With no eyes for Millie she knelt down and eagerly scanned the laughing, crowing child. "Whose baby is this?" she said hoarsely.

"He's mine!" said Millie, chokingly, the red surging all over her face.

"Yours!" whispered Mrs. Harris, looking at her in astonishment, then under breath, "How like—how like—except for his color." Then to Millie, "Yours, did you say? I didn't know you were married. You look so young."

"Well—I—I'm not——" said poor Millie in desperation, knowing full well that she would have to make the admission some time.

"Oh!"—and many meanings were included in that one word—meanings that made the blood rush to Millie's face and then receding, left it very white—that which she had been enduring lately had strangely sapped her strength.

After that one word the doctor's wife sank down on the ground, very white, too, saying to herself, "To think that I could—a child like that—a child of shame, oh——" and she actually shivered, tho the heat was intense.

Somehow or other she could not leave. Millie, who had said not another word after that expressive "Oh," sat mechanically going on with her sewing, while the baby, unconscious cause of the tumultuous, burning thoughts that were troubling the minds of these two women so oddly brought together by chance, lay and laughingly kicked his bare brown legs in the sunshine. Presently the hungry mother heart of her caused Mrs.

Harris to gather him into her arms, while Millie looked on with dark brooding eyes, their purple color entirely obliterated by the extended pupils, so great was the emotion of her soul.

It was not long before the feeling of repulsion that she had had at first evaporated entirely from Mrs. Harris' mind. She was naturally a just woman and she began to make excuses for this poor girl, so young, so pretty, and ever the baby crept into her hungry heart, his little hands clinging there. He was such a jolly, friendly little rascal, no one could resist him. "How like," she murmured, as she cuddled and caressed him, saying over all the fond foolish endearments that she had been wont to bestow upon her own child, while a light shone in her eyes and a color came into her cheeks that her husband would have given many dollars to see.

And how the baby took to her! With bitter jealousy in her soul Millie saw this as she sat quietly sewing. She might have been in another planet for all the notice either of them accorded her. She did not take into consideration the fact that the baby's sweet friendliness and "bon camaraderie" was doubtless caused by the fact that never in his short life had he encountered a cross word or petulant look, and did not know what fear was.

A step sounded closer to them and a merry voice called out, "Hullo, there!" It was the doctor. Becoming uneasy on his wife's behalf he had given up his trip and had followed her back to the house. The carpet of pine needles had muffled the sound of his footsteps so that he was close upon them before they were aware of his proximity.

"Oh, John," his wife cried, "see this dear baby!"

He looked at her lost in astonishment at the animation in her face. Was it possible that the sight of this child had done it? Of the hundreds of babies they had previously examined none had had power to move her like this. He looked in perplexity from her to Millie, who still sat stolidly sewing, the red now coming again into her face at the prospect of the ordeal that she knew she must again face.

"Oh, John, isn't he dear, and so like—don't you see it?"

The doctor looked down at the baby which seemed much like the other countless babies which he had ushered into the world and attended thru their first infant illnesses.

"Well, perhaps he does rather resemble him as to age and the color of his hair and eyes, but his skin——"

"Yes, I know he's awfully tanned, but see how he loves the sunshine! Oh, you dear, you dear!" and she fell again to caressing him.

"But I don't understand—whose baby is it?" asked the doctor.

"Her's," said Mrs. Harris laconically, pointing to Millie, and there was that again in her tone that caused the quick blood to rush to Millie's face.

"Oh," said the doctor, but his "Oh" was different from his wife's. Nothing in it to make Millie cringe, and another score was added in her primitive philosophy to the male as against the female of the species.

"Come, my dear," said the doctor. "I think you had better lie down. You know you had a headache this morning."

"Did I?" said Mrs. Harris vaguely, her bright color fading at the prospect of leaving the baby and meeting her old problem again. But the baby had grown sleepy. He always slept in the latter part of the day, thereby giving Millie a chance to help with supper, so that now she gathered him into her arms to take him to his bed.

After her departure Mrs. Harris was still excited. "Didn't you see a resemblance, John, didn't you truly?" she asked with an anxious face.

"Why, I can't say that I did. With that brown skin and black hair and eyes he looks like an Indian papoose."

"That's because he's so tanned. You look like an Indian yourself after we have been out in the woods a while," she retorted, looking up at him, never dreaming on what a vital question she was touching.

CHAPTER V.

MILLIE MAKES THE SACRIFICE.

AND then began, unconsciously perhaps, a duel between these two women for the possession of the child. Into Mrs. Harris' soul there came a feeling of peace and restfulness such as she had never dreamed would be hers again. And her husband marveled much. Hitherto every effort to have her look at a baby for adoption had come to naught. Many of these were the children of unfortunate women and were rejected on that account. The wild, unreasoning hope that she might still find her own child doubtless increased the difficulty.

Now, however, she seemed to give up all hope and poured forth the torrent of her repressed mother love upon Millie's child, and all her thoughts were concentrated on the effort of inventing some inducement by which Millie could be persuaded to give up the baby. Witnessing her devotion to him day by day she was often in despair. Her own could not have exceeded it.

But one day the blow Millie dreaded fell. She had been conscious for some time of what was in the other woman's mind, and had been combating with all her power of resistance the feeling that she must give up the child. When she had learned that the baby's parents had not been killed the staunchest support to the fabric she had built for the retention of the child had given way. She had been so happy in the thought that no mother was mourning for her lost child. And now the hungry, yearning look in the eyes of the doctor's wife seared deeply into her sense of right and justice. Yet she could not bring herself to the point of giving up the baby. She often reassured herself that the doctor's wife would have other children, while she—the whole horizon of her existence was bounded by this one little life. And yet even this ray of comfort was destined to be taken from her.

Mrs. Harris had not as yet been able to bring herself to relate to Millie the circumstances of her losing her baby. But one day when she spoke of the loss as irremediable, Millie, who, in spite of that first feeling of aversion, had come to love this wistful-faced woman, thinking to comfort her, said:

"But, Mrs. Harris, you'll—you'll have another baby, some time."

The other woman shook her head sadly. "No. My operation—the doctor says I can never have another child. That's what makes it so hard!" and the tears came to her eyes as she looked longingly down at little Buddie lying asleep in her arms.

Poor Millie could not bear to look at her, so making some excuse she left her to rush into the seclusion of her own little room. It seemed as she sat on the edge of the bed as tho two giant hands were closing about her and pushing her on to some dreadful thing, some abysmal chasm of despair. Could she ever enjoy the baby again thinking of those unhappy, yearning eyes and the empty, outstretched arms?

As the golden summer days unfolded themselves one by one, Dr. Harris found himself more and more bereft of a companion on his fishing trips. The baby was his rival. Mrs. Harris found no greater joy than that of taking care of the baby in the mornings while Millie was at work.

One day they were sitting beneath the pines, the baby kicking about on the blanket while the two heads were bent above him. Suddenly Mrs. Harris looked up and caught the look in Millie's purple-blue eyes, loving, yet full of sorrow as she gazed down at the baby.

"Millie," she said, her mind reverting again to that which she had almost forgotten during these last weeks, and which she thought had brought the look of sorrow into Millie's eyes, "you don't look like a bad girl—I can't believe that you are—tell me, how did it happen—who is this child's father?"

At the startled look in the girl's eyes, she continued, "Forgive me, child, I only have your good at heart. Tell me, who is the baby's father?"

In spite of her perplexity, Millie could not help wondering what Mrs. Harris would do if she should suddenly tell her who the child's father really was. She could picture the look, first of astonishment, then anger and horror and then the shock of joy as she became acquainted with the whole truth.

"I—I—can't tell you, Mrs. Harris," she said.

"Millie, you're shielding some one. This can't go on, you know. A child like this must have a father; it isn't right or just. You can't bring him up alone. He looks so much like my darling that was lost that sometimes I—I cannot bear it——" and uncontrollable sobs shook her frame.

Millie sat in stony silence waiting for what she felt was sure to come.

"Oh, Millie, I'm going to tell you about my baby," said Mrs. Harris after a moment. "I—I feel as tho I must." And then she poured into Millie's ears all the pitiful story, the details of which she bitter knew only too well, but which brought to her as it was from another angle than that of her own viewpoint filled her with an agony of remorse that was almost unbearable.

"And think, Millie, think of his dear little body, a little body like this, warm and soft being thrown on those jagged, cruel rocks, think of his cries, and the cold, cold water—oh——"

"But he wasn't, Mrs. Harris, he wasn't dashed on the rocks; he was saved—I saved him——"

It was out at last. Poor Millie had cut her own throat as she knew all along that she would, from the time that she had found out that Mrs. Harris was the baby's mother.

The face of the doctor's wife went as white as chalk and a dazed look came into her eyes. "What," she whispered, "are you talking about? Are you crazy?"

"Oh," cried Millie, "I guess I am to be telling you this; I didn't have to—you'd never have known—but it's true and I—I'm glad I've told you. I—I couldn't stand it any longer—I s'pose I'll have to lose him, but——"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Harris as she leaned over and shook Millie by the arm, a look almost of madness in her eyes as she caught a glimmering of the truth. Millie's face was as white as her own, and her eyes grimly staring, the pupils black to their rims.

"It's true," she said, "the auto did go over the Taylor Grade, but the baby was thrown out just as it went over and landed without a scratch in the top of a manzanita bush, and I—I—well, I was walking along the road an' I heard him cryin' an' I climbed down an' got him——"

"Oh, my God!" breathed Mrs. Harris, "am I dreaming—not killed? Say it again!" and Millie, with a stony face and in a dead level tone of voice repeated slowly the story of how she had rescued the baby.

"An' the next day when they said the folks in the car was all killed I thought it was his daddy an' his mammy that was dead an' I knew I could be a better mammy than any stranger because——" and here the thought of Harold

'But He Wasn't, Mrs. Harris, He Wasn't Dashed on the Rocks; He Was Saved—I Saved Him!"

and all her long care of him caused her to choke over her words. The fullness of her life since the advent of the baby had blurred his memory somewhat, but now that that joy was to be taken from her, her desolation came back in full force and she fell to sobbing bitterly.

Mrs. Harris was staring down at the baby in a very stupefaction of wonder and joy. "My baby, my little Jack!" she murmured over his sleeping face. "Can it be true?" The very stupendousness of the good fortune that had come upon her, made her doubtful of its reality.

"Of course it's true," said Millie. "You said they were traced to the Taylor Grade, didn't you?" The slightest shadow of doubt cast on the story that had cost her so much to tell filled her with resentment. "But wait," she said, "I can prove it, but then, why should I? If you don't want him I'll keep him. God knows I'll be glad to——"

"No, oh, no!" almost screamed Mrs. Harris, "I only want to be sure. He's so dark——"

"That's because he's lived out doors ever since I came across the mountains with him, campin' along the way, an' sleepin' out."

And the remembrance of those happy, sunshiny days when her treasure was all her own and she was secure in the thought that no one had a better right to him than she, filled her soul with a poignant distress, but she conquered it and said, "I can prove that he's your baby, I guess," and she went back to her little room and unearthed the handbag that she had picked up at the scene of the accident, and into which she had never looked.

Full of wonder Mrs. Harris identified it as her sister's, she had seen it many times, and it contained all the evidence necessary to prove the truth of Millie's story.

"I don't know what became of the suit case," said Millie in a dull, lifeless tone. "Some one must have swiped it. I didn't dast to say anything about it 'cause I didn't want any one to know I had the baby. Well," she continued with a sigh, "I s'pose this is the end of it all for me—you're his mammy—it wasn't right for me to keep him——"

"Oh, Millie, Millie, you splendid girl, you!" cried Mrs. Harris, coming to realize after the shock of it all had lessened in some degree, what this girl had done, "You—you saved his life, kept him, even gave up your good name for him, my poor little boy——"

"Oh, that wasn't nothing," said Millie. "I didn't care, only sometimes when good folks like you and Mrs. Beasley an' Jim an' Mis' Barnes would look at me as if—well, you know—I did wish then that I could say something so as you would know I wasn't that kind of a girl, but, it wasn't nothing after all. I'd a done a thousand times as much for little Buddie," and she swallowed hard. "Say, it was a good thing I didn't name him nothin' but 'Buddie,' wasn't it, now that——"

The girl was in the woman's arms.

At the sound of a step on the carpet of pine needles, Mrs. Harris broke away from Millie and ran throwing herself like a hurricane upon her husband, for it was he. He scarcely recognized this wild creature with scarlet cheeks and eyes shining thru tears for the sad and quiet woman he had known as his wife.

"Oh, John—John," she cried, "he's ours, our baby, Buddie's our baby, do you hear?" and she shook him in a frenzy of joy.

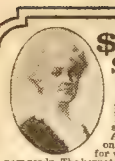
"Why, I know you said you were going to adopt him if——" he answered in a puzzled way.

"No, no," she said, "not adopt him; he is ours, our own baby. He wasn't killed in the accident. Millie saved him."

"Millie," he muttered, "I thought——"

"Yes, yes, I know what you thought, but it wasn't so. We all thought it was her baby, but he is not. He's mine and yours. Come, she'll tell you all about it. See, here's sister's handbag, don't you recognize it? Come."

By this time she had brought him up to



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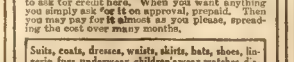

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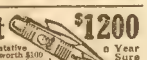

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where Millie was sitting with the baby who had wakened and was cooing for his supper, and the whole wonderful story had to be told over again.

"And now, will you take back what you said about his looking like an Indian baby?" asked his wife, her face beaming with joy.

"Not until you take back what you said about his Daddy looking like an Indian too, will I Old Snookums?" he said addressing the baby which he had lost no time in getting into his arms.

"Did I say that?" asked Mrs. Harris, "funny, isn't it, that we never noticed how much he does look like you?"

Poor Millie listened to this badinage with a breaking heart. Already, she thought, she was out of it. Buddie was theirs. The doctor, looking up suddenly, read her thoughts and said kindly, "And what are you going to do, Millie?"

"I—I don't know," was the reply.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Harris, "We'll find something for you, my dear. Did you think we could be so cruel as to take the baby away from you and do nothing to repay you for all your care of him? I guess not. You're going home with us and help me take care of Buddie—I guess we'll call him that more than his own name, the blessed, and afterwards—isn't there anything that you'd ever thought you'd like to do?"

"Well," said Millie diffidently, "I like to take care of sick people and children. I been thinking I might take up nursing——"

"Take up nursing!" echoed Mrs. Harris with a merry laugh. "You talk as tho you were an old woman, and you are just a girl, a lovely, sweet girl——"

"Oh, Mrs. Harris," said Millie deprecatingly.

"It's true Take up nursing, indeed! If you want to do that you can take a course in John's hospital, after a while. Wouldn't she be fetching in a nurse's uniform, John?"

"Too fetching," growled John, in mock anger, "I have trouble enough as it is with the doctors and internes capturing all my best nurses."

"Well, that's settled," said Mrs. Harris happily "Oh, just see the darling, come to your mother, come——" and she was lost in a world of tender endearments, fondling and caressing him, loath even to part with him for Millie to take him into the kitchen for his supper.

After she had left them they sat long into the twilight discussing this wonderful thing that had come into their lives It was the miracle of the Shunamite's son re-enacted for them, for their child who was dead had been brought to life again.

That night as Millie lay in her bed with the baby snuggled up to her—she had asked the privilege of keeping him one night more—her heart was heavy, yet lightened, in that the weight of guilt that it had borne these last few weeks was lifted.

She knew also, only too well, how much better it was for the little sleeper at her side to go thru life as John Harris, Jr., son of San Francisco's most prominent surgeon, than as plain, fatherless "Buddie" with the bar sinister across his name

As for herself, it was the first time in all her life of twenty years that she could remember going to bed without a feeling of care and responsibility. Her heart thru all its sadness felt strangely light and free. Some one was looking out for her. Some one cared. And thinking thus she fell into sweet and dreamless slumber.

The End.

When She Forgot Her Hat

AS THE sturdy young man removed his overcoat at the third popular concert he glanced up at the pretty black velvet hat with the rose colored rim beside him and said to the young woman who wore it: "It's very becoming, but are you not going to take it off?"

"Yes," she answered smiling at his compliment, "but I'm going to keep it on until the musicians arrive."

"So that they may see it and be properly inspired?" he demanded.

"Don't be silly," she replied, with dignity. "But really we never have a chance to show our hats these days when one must take them off at everything from a movie to a musical. But I must say that once mine is off I'm not in such a tearing hurry as are some women to put it on again."

"Yes," he answered, "there's hardly any music that is fine enough to make a woman forget her millinery. Now I don't pretend to know much about music, but the other night when I went with my young Russian friend to a concert I was considerably overwhelmed by a piece they called somebody's 'Love Death,' and it made me mad to have the woman in front of me hoist her feather and feel for her pins before the thing was over."

"She ought to have had the pins stuck in her head," the young woman answered with proper contempt, "but she wouldn't have felt them because such women have no feeling. But what are they going to play tonight?"

"Well, there's your 'Rustic Wedding,'" he smiled.

"It isn't mine," she laughed back. "but I feel as if it was Or rather I feel as if I had been married three times this winter, for I have heard it that number of times."

"I suppose that is why you will not listen to a fourth proposal," he declared with some asperity

"What else are they going to play?" she demanded hastily

"'Merry Wives of Windsor

"I shall like that," she declared teasingly. "It is always nice to know that wives can be merry"

And there seems to be a lot of obligatos" he went on, scorning to heed her weak joke. "What, if you please, is an obligato?"

"Oh, it's a musical term," she answered with superior knowledge "But there they come and I must take off my hat. I do wish the officials of the association would give us some place to put them. It's all very well to make us take them off, but I think the managers ought to provide us with——"

'Wardrobe trunks?" he questioned in derision. "But here comes the conductor and now for the 'Merry Wives'"

"Ah," she declared after it was over, "if matrimony always puts one in such a mood who would be willing to try it? What next"

"Oh, some andantes' and 'suites' and 'obligatos,' but nothing understandable until we get to the 'Rustic Wedding'"

Who cares for names," she replied, "as long as there are harps and flutes that can play like these?"

"Well, get ready for your fourth wedding" he answered gayly, beginning to feel his spirits rise under the spell of the music. "A little later on the program comes 'The Deluge,' which, of course, is bound to come after a wedding."

Well, let it come," she answered, "if it is always accompanied as is this one with a violin obligato by the concertmeister."

"How smoothly you get off those musical words," he answered "And now for the usual closing waltz."

In spirit they waltzed together thru the "Vienna Woods," and as the last strains died away he confided to her that it was a pity that the only dance music that was worth dancing to could not be taken advantage of. "I'd give my hat," he declared, "to have just one waltz with you to the accompaniment of that orchestra."

"Why don't you send in a request?" she demanded.

"Well," he answered, "speaking of hats, aren't you going to put yours on? You have paid the orchestra the highest compliment a woman can pay—that of forgetting a new hat."

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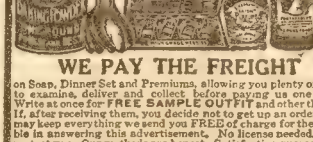

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Cayuse Pete and the Deputy Sheriffess

By Gene Fowler

"BOYS," said Cayuse Pete, "you see that old bronco there in the corral! Well, he saved my life once upon a time, as the yarn spinners say, and I've let him live on the fat of the land ever since, with never a day's work to do."

We were loafing around the barn on Cayuse Pete's ranch, waiting for the call to supper.

"Tell us about it, Pete," we demanded.

'Well, it was this way," said Pete. "Back in my young days I wasn't always on the best of terms with John Law. So it happened that one day in September, me and Snake River—that's the old bronco's monacker; I called him that because I caught him out of a wild bunch on Snake River when he was a colt—were visiting with the coyotes and jackrabbits in the Greer Spring hills. These hills are over in Oregon, about sixty miles from here. If you go to that little rise of ground there, and look due east, you can see them. I was persuaded by a friend to go out on this camping trip among the dear little coyotes and things. He came to me and said: 'Pete, the vigilantes are out after your scalp,' which meant my neck. 'They condemned you in secret session last night for that Free Water affair. You had better go to the wild bunch till it blows over.'

Now, these vigilantes were a bunch of gents who had got together for the protection of society, and the moral uplift of the community. They uplifted quite a few, too; to the limb of a cottonwood tree and left 'em hanging to the end of a rope. I seen seven they had uplifted at different times with my own eyes. So you can bet I wasn't hankering at giving them a chance to uplift me. I took my friend's advice—saddled Snake River and rode to the hills.

"On the morning of my fourth day in the hills, I was camped in a little gulch, where a spring flowed out from under a rock. I had just breakfasted on a broiled rabbit, with a prairie chicken for dessert, which made me feel very comfortable and at home. I sat leaning against a sagebrush, smoking and playing with a horny toad. I had fed him flies as long as he would eat 'em, and I think he had come to the conclusion that I was a pretty good guy and to be trusted; anyway, he dozed off to sleep. Then I reached over, took him by his stub tail and lifted him up. He first got mad about it, licked out his tongue and tried to run a bluff. After that, he got scared. Then I felt sorry for the little cuss and set him down. He run around in a circle till he came to a rock; he stopped and backed up against it, then his look of worry and trouble all vanished. He looked up at me, impudent like, and licked out his tongue. I bet if he could have talked he would have said: 'Now, you big stiff, I'd like to see you pull my tail again.'

"I was having a good laugh at the toad when I noticed Snake River with his ears stuck forward, looking earnestly to the east. I got up, took a pair of field glasses and went to the top of the hill. One look was enough! It showed me, not over two miles away, a bunch of vigilantes, twenty strong, coming in my direction. They had the red bands on their hats, which they always wore when looking for trouble, and I could guess the particular trouble they were looking for now was me. You can bet I wasted no time. I run down the hill, throwed the saddle on the cayuse and was riding west in less time than it takes to tell it. On my right was the Walla Walla valley, thickly settled by people who were raising peaches and apples and such truck, and a few miles to my left upon the table land, was a community who were raising wheat and barb wire fences. In the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, straight ahead, the country was unfenced and unsettled barring a few sheep camps. So straight ahead I rode, intending to make Columbia River, which was about forty miles away, cross it and take to the tall sage brush in our good State of Washington.

"The vigilantes had seen me when I topped the first hill and were now riding on my trail, but I wasn't uneasy. I knew Snake River's mettle. He was running smooth and easy, up hill, down hill, over badger holes, washouts and rimrock, without ever breaking his gait. I was beginning to enjoy the excitement. Every time I topped a hill, I would turn in my saddle and fire a shot with my rifle in the general direction of the vigilantes just for fun.

"I had made about twenty miles, when I could see that I was gaining on the vigilantes, which showed their horses were playing out. Snake River was lathering quite a bit, but still going strong. I commenced to hum a song I had heard at a camp meeting once, about crossing the river of Jordan. Gee whiz! I stopped singing and grabbed the glasses out of the case and took a squint. On my left, about a mile and a half, at the top of the Butler grade, was another big bunch of vigilantes with red bands on their hats. They saw me about the same time I saw them and began swarming in my direction. I felt that things were serious now. I didn't think Snake River could carry me to the Columbia ahead of these fresh horses. I knew he was willing and game to the last breath, but the odds were awful heavy. Well, the only thing I could do was let him try. Then if he couldn't do it, and it came to a showdown, I still had my guns and plenty of ammunition.

"I slipped behind the saddle, reached down and jerked the latigo strap loose, then tossed the heavy saddle off on the ground. Next went my silver mounted spurs, which I only wore for ornament anyway when I was riding. Snake River, as soon as I had lightened his load, let himself out about three notches, as these automobile guys say, then I laid low on his back, with a hand on each shoulder, and began riding for my life. Snake River held up well until we got in about ten miles of the Columbia. Then I began to feel him weakening under me.

"A few miles further and he was foaming and laboring hard, but from the top of every hill I could see the old Columbia shining in the sun like a silver ribbon. I talked to Snake River like a brother and eased him over the rough places. I began to have hopes that he would hold out, and hold out that game old cayuse did. As we went over the top of the last hill before reaching the river I turned and emptied my rifle in the direction of the vigilantes, who were about a mile behind. I wanted to throw a scare into 'em to delay them a little if I could. When we got to the river the poor cayuse was trembling and reeling in his tracks, and I knew it was no use to try to swim him across. So I tied him to a sage bush to keep him from getting to the water while he was so hot, then I threw my guns in the river, shucked myself clean, all but my big wide brimmed hat, for I had a hard swim ahead and not much time to do it in. I said adios to the bronco and took to the water. There was a rocky sand bar out in the middle of the river. I headed for it and swam as fast as I could. I had got to within 200 feet of it when the vigilantes came over the hill and opened up with their rifles. The bullets began to spit-spat the water all around me and I've been dead sure ever since that the world's swimming record for 200 feet was busted by me getting to that sand bar. I landed on it without a scratch. A few jumps put me across and in the water on the other side, where I was out of sight of the vigilantes. I felt safe now and could afford to take it easy.

"I went swimming along, planning on raiding a sheep camp when I got across, to get me an outfit of clothes, when what do you think happened? I had got in about ten feet of the bank and had just started wading, with the water up around my shoulders, when a female woman raised up from behind a tall sage bush, leveled a rifle at me and told me to stop. 'Please excuse me, ma'am,' says I. 'I wasn't expecting company on this side.' 'Never mind that,' she said, 'I'm a deputy sheriffess and I seen those gents shooting at you, so I guess I'll take you into Pasco and find out what you've done.' 'Ma'am,' says I, trying to jolly her, 'if you treat an orphan like that, you're no gentleman; besides, ma'am, the only clothes I've got on is my hat and I wish you'd go away home and leave me be.'

"She had taken off her black riding skirt. 'Here,' she said, 'catch this and put it on.' She wadded it up and threw it to me. I caught it. 'Now, ma'am,' says I, 'how am I supposed to put this on? Put it down in the water and dive in?' 'No, you galoot,' she said, 'put it on over your head.' 'Now, look here, ma'am,' says I, 'haven't you got a pair of pants about you that you could loan me instead of this thing?' 'Don't try to get gay,' she said, 'put that on and come out here.'

"There was no help for it. I put the thing on, shoved it down under the water around my limbs, and tied the gee string around my waist. When I waded she was on her horse. The calico was sticking to me like wallpaper. I was turning round and round for her to look at me. Says I, 'Ma'am, is my hat on straight?' She was blushing some, but otherwise perfectly cool. Says she, 'March ahead, straight northwest. We are going to Pasco.' I gathered my skirt up in both hands, and went tripping along over the sand, her trailing along behind. Boys, I hated to give in like that, but that woman meant business, and a rifle shoots just as hard for a woman as it does for the best gunman in the West.

"We had went along for a couple of miles, when we run onto a lone burro. She roped it, and told me to put a hackamore on it and ride. I done so and this is the way we went into Pasco. Me riding ahead on the burro.

"Pasco was mostly saloons, and as we trailed down the main street every bum, tinhorn bartender and drunk in town came out on the sidewalk to see the parade. I never felt so embarrassed before in all my life.

"Well, they gave me some clothes and locked me up, but it turned out that the woman who stuck me up was a widowed sister of the high sheriff and had a pull, and she used it to keep me from being sent back to Oregon. So in a few days I was free again. I hired a man to go over into Oregon to get Snake River, and I wouldn't part with the old critter for the best ranch in the State of Washington.

"Well, I hear the deputy sheriffess hollering 'Supper.' Let's go. Yes, she married me. I think she got stuck on my shape," said Cayuse Pete.

This Is the Way We Went Into Pasco.

* * *

Ready to Pass It By.

THAT tireless war worker, Lady Victor Paget, tells an amusing story of an enthusiastic V. A. D. nurse who, in past days, was an equally enthusiastic suffragette.

At a base hospital "somewhere in France" she was bandaging a stalwart private, whose right arm had been mangled by a fragment of a German shell.

"Do you know," she said presently, "your face seems strangely familiar to me. I've been trying to remember where we've met before."

"Well, nurse," said the wounded man, "perhaps we had better let bygones be bygones. I was a policeman."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

A Well Known Actress Tells How to Darken Gray Hair With a Simple Home Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well known American actress, who was recently playing at the Imperial Theatre in St. Louis, Mo., made the following statement about gray hair and how to darken it:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost, or any druggist can put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. This is not a dye, it does not color the most delicate scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Jack Horner's Brother.

LITTLE JACK HORNER came to the breakfast table one morning such an untidy little boy that his mother and father were ashamed of him.

"What a dirty, dirty waist," his mother said, "and your face and hands, Jackie. Did you forget to wash them?"

"What happened to your comb, son?" asked his father. "When my mother saw my hair looking like that she used to tell me that the mice had made a nest in it."

Jackie smiled at the idea of mice nesting in his hair, but he settled down in his chair and reached out a grimy hand for a slice of toast. Father shook his head. "No, indeed, you can't eat that way. Go back and make yourself more tidy."

Jackie was hungry for his breakfast and very, very cross at the thought of being sent away from the table. I can't, I don't know how," he whined.

"Very well," said father, "go out into the yard and find your little brother to eat with. Mother and I can't eat with you."

Jackie looked at his father in surprise. "I haven't any brother," he said.

"Oh, yes," said father, "I fed some one out there this morning who must be your brother. He is eating his breakfast now. Run along and find him."

Jackie was too much puzzled and surprised to be very cross. He went out on the porch and saw Tommy Cat.

"Hello, Tommy Cat," said little Jack Horner. "Are you my brother?"

Tommy Cat stopped washing his face and looked at Jackie from the top of his tousled head to his unlaced shoes.

"Indeed I'm not. Do I look like your brother? Isn't my hair always smooth as silk? Isn't my face always clean? Brother, indeed?" and Tommy Cat gave his tail an angry swish.

Jackie Horner ran down the walk till he came to the big Plymouth Rock rooster. "Hello, there, are you my brother?" asked Jackie.

The rooster stopped scratching for worms and stared at Jackie.

"My feathers are smooth and slick; I am always clean and tidy. I should say I'm not your brother!

"Cock-a-doodle-do!

"I'm glad I'm not like you!"

Little Jackie Horner was becoming very much ashamed and he walked quickly away.

On a branch of the apple tree sat Jim Crow. Jackie called to him, "Jim Crow come down and tell me if you are my little brother."

Jim Crow flew down onto the grass. He cocked his shiny black head on one side and looked up at Jackie.

"Tousled hair; dirty faced;

"Waist soiled; shoes unlaced!

"If I had a brother that looked that way, I'd peck him and pick him and drive him away."

Poor Jackie was almost ready to cry, but he went on, still wondering what father had meant.

"Ugh, ugh; hello, brother. Come have some of my breakfast." There stood the little black and brown pig beside his trough of sour milk. "I know a nice sloppy mud puddle to roll in. Come on, brother."

"I'm not your brother! I'm not your brother!" screamed Jackie and he turned to run away.

"Look like it—look like it," grunted the little pig.

Jackie ran to the house and mother met him at the door.

"I don't want to be a brother to the little pig," he sobbed.

"There, there, of course you don't," mother said. "Run to your room and see if you can be mother's nice clean little boy again."

Jackie went to work and in a few minutes he was such a neat, clean child that Tommy Cat or the big rooster or Jim Crow would have been proud to have him for a brother.

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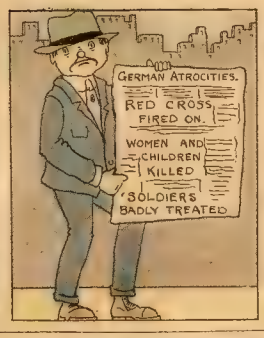

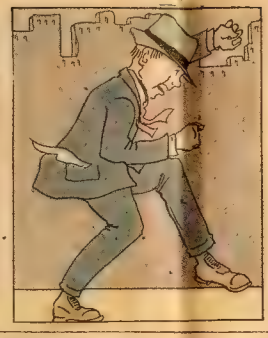

Called His Bluff.

Fish stories have gone out of fashion Humor has gone to the dogs, and to prove it, Sheriff Cline tells of a canine he encountered on a recent visit to Lankershim. Cline had commented on the rather dispirited appearance of the farmer's dog after the Pacific electric car passed the farm, and pressed the farmer for the reason

"For some time after the line was built thru our place," related the farmer, "our dog would chase the car every time it passed. He would tear after it, raging and roaring, until it crossed the line, and then return strutting and puffing with importance over having driven the intruder off the dear old farm

"But one day while he was ripping along behind it something went wrong and the car stopped rather suddenly. Faithful Rover uttered a yell of surprise and apprehension and streaked for the house.

"Never afterward could he be induced to chase the car. He evidently imagined he had bluffed it once too often and it had turned on him."

Wide Awake.

Senator Harding, of Ohio, was speaking about patriotism. "We hear a great deal of talk about it, but I'm afraid in a great many cases these so-called patriots are very much like the young lady who was entertaining her beau, sock home on furlough

He was relating some of his thrilling experiences and remarked, "We were having a terrible time until the French brought up their 75's."

"Isn't it splendid, she cried, "that men of that age should be in the fight."

Such Is War.

"Over here," remarked General March, "we worry about who's being killed and wounded Over there, those things apparently aren't taken into consideration A friend of mine just back from France illustrated what I mean with a little story. He was inspecting a British sector when he overheard the following

"'Wot's Tommy swearin' so 'orrid about?'

"'E's orf to the bloomin' boches an' bloody well mad, too'

"'Wot's 'is kick?'

"'Wy 'e was just smokin' up on a cigar wot 'e got from 'ome w'en one of the blighters shoots it right out of 'is mouth! H'it 'ud make anybody mad, I say'"

Gee Whiz!

Douglas Fairbanks in passing around a story that has to do with the 5-year-old daughter of a neighbor. According to "Doug," Helen's mother had tried to impress her with the necessity of conserving everything to help to do the-it to win the war. Recently the stork brought twins to her home. Upon receiving the news Helen exclaimed

"Oh, daddy, two babies! What will Mr. Hoover say'"

The Better Way.

"They used to quarrel a great deal" "Yes, but they're getting along much better now."

"What happened'"

"Nothing. He just discovered that instead of arguing it is easier and quicker to admit everything and ask forgiveness"

An Open Confession.

"That was a great shot you just made said a golfer

"I wish I knew how you did it'

"So do I," replied the player, who was at least honest and knew that it was an accident

"Why did ye call in a strange minister when ye was sick?"

"Sure, and did ye think Oi wanted to give our minister the smallpox?"

Needed Tuning.

The landlady bustled up to her new lodger as he came down to breakfast one fine morning.

"Good morning," she wheezed

"Good morning," said the lodger

"I hope you've had a good night's rest," said the landlady.

"No," said the mild mannered little man. "Your cat kept me awake."

"Oh," said the landlady, tossing her head "I suppose you are going to ask me to have the poor little thing killed?"

"No, not exactly," said the gentle lodger. "But would you mind very much having it tuned.

Neighborly Amenities.

Maid (from next door)—"Mr. Jones sends his compliments, and would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake."

Mr Snapp—"Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall greatly be his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."

One Line.

"How shall we measure the progress already made in our preparations for war?" demanded the Hon. John R. Boomwaller.

"With a red tape line, in some instances," very wittily and with a certain degree of truth we replied

Had Occasion to Know.

The Girl—"I am shocked at the way father treated you. It always worshiped papa, but it seems my idol has feet of clay."

Suitor—"Clay? Concrete more likely."

Some Knock.

Bell— "Was that a breath- er I saw you with yesterday?"

Beulth—"Yes; don't you think we look alike?"

"Not a particle. I say, is pretty good looking, isn't he?"

Cards Are Out.

"Algernon has stopped talking about his platonic friendship for Vanessa."

"Why, he had to get busy. Another fellow came along and got interested in the girl"

Easy.

This is an imitation butter at your house?"

"You're lucky. What we get isn't even an imitation"

No Difficulty.

"There is always room at the top."

"Yes that is what the hotel clerk says"

Safety First.

At the local recruiting office they are still laughing over a colored recruit who, on enlistment, said he intended to take out the full limit of Government insurance, $10,000. On being told that he would be foolish to pay so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied:

"Huh! I reckon I know what I am doing. You don't suppose Uncle Sam is going to put a $10,000 man in the first line trenches, do you'"

Bright Girl.

Claude—Whatsamatter, honey, you are quite indifferent to me these days?"

Maude—"You think so"

Claude—"Yeh, I know so. It doesn't seem like the same old smile."

Maude—"Well, it isn't. This is a new one I have learned. You see I am studying to be a movie actress now."

His Idea of It.

"Young man, if you saw your opportunity would you embrace it'"

"Sure—if it came in the form of a lonely young heiress looking for a loving man"

His Views.

"The human body is largely composed of salts. Some have more than others."

"I can readily believe that. Some people I know are entirely too fresh"

When Betty's Ears Burned.

Edith—"I see Betty has decorated her room with pistols, swords and the like"

Ethel—"Yes, Betty always has been a great girl for having arms around her"

'Tis Too True.

'It is customary to speak of advertising matter as literature!

"So it is.'

"How would you classify some of the sort literature'"

"As fiction

Friend—"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

Doc—"Collecting the bill"

Good News.

"You're always getting up benefits for other people; when are you going to have one for yourself?" a friend asked Charlie Murray

"I've already had one," retorted Murray "The other day I got so much for a dollar at the grocer's that I couldn't help saying, 'You're giving me good weight this morning.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'this is cheatless day'"

Front Row Conversation.

Mr. Back—"See that chorus girl there on the end? They pay her $30 a week for not saying a word.'

Oldboy—"Huh, I know a gent at the club who's paying her $40 a week for the same thing."

Accounting for It.

Young Fitznoodle (to dentist)—"Isn't it rather strange, doctor, that at my age I haven't cut my wisdom teeth yet'"

Dentist (calmly)—"Oh, I don't know Perhaps there isn't enough wisdom back of them to push them thru."

The Dissatisfied One.

"Better consider my course in efficiency training." I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now."

The War Worker.

"Here's your hoe, your rake and your spade."

Fashionable Worker—"Quite so. And where's my caddy'"

Inviting Theft.

He—"If I stole fifty kisses from you what kind of larceny would it be?"

She—"I should call it grand."

More to Be Pitied, Etc.

Helen Gould is responsible for a good story at her own expense. Always interested in children, she recently contributed generously toward the maintenance of a summer school

After it was established she paid the school a visit and ventured to question one of the kindergarten classes

"Now, children," she said, "tell me what sort of clothes the puppy wears

No reply.

"Come now," she repeated, determined to start the right answer by naming everything that a dog didn't wear, "does he wear feathers'"

A pained expression crossed the face of a little boy in the front row

Please, ma'am," he said pityingly, "ain't you never seen a dog

Bound to Be Unlucky.

Representative Booker said the other day, "Sarcasm has wrecked many a marriage. A lady said to her husband at an east side resort one moonlight night

"Darling, when you proposed to me, did you think I'd accept you'"

The man who had the gift of sarcasm replied:

"Yes, yes, I did, for on my way to your father's house that night, I saw the new moon over my left shoulder, walked under a ladder, and heard a dog howl."

His Bit.

Chairman Dennis of a Los Angeles draft board was berating a would-be slacker. "It won't be much of a story will it'" he said

"What'"

"When your grandchildren ask you what you did in the Great War, all you will have to tell them is that once a week you went without meat."

His Birthday.

Mother—"Geoffrey, wouldn't you like to have a pretty cake with five candles on it for your birthday—a candle for each year'"

Geoffrey—"I guess, mamma, I'd rather have five cakes and one candle'

The Tired I. W. W.

"I was in need of help to harvest my prune crop," said the grower, "and I went to a saloon in a nearby city. On entering the place I accosted the bartender and asked him if any of the men lounging about the place cared for employment at good wages.

"I dunno," said the mixer, 'yer better ask 'em.'

"'Any of you men want to go to work?' I said

There was a dead silence for a few moments, when one of the loafers rose up and queried, 'What doing and what do yer pay'

'Picking prunes,' I replied 'and I pay $3 a day and board'

'What kind of a place is it?' asked the garrulous one

It is an attractive, rolling orchard,' I answered

"The I. W. W. spokesman rose from his seat and said 'Well, roll her in here and let's see her, and we'll tell yer if we wants the job.'"

Pigtails and Mustaches.

When Wu Tin Fang was Minister to the United States from China he visited Chicago A native of the Windy City said to him at a reception:

"Mr. Wu, I see there is a movement in China to abolish the pigtails you wear Why do you wear the foolish things anyhow?"

"Well," countered Mr. Wu, "why do you wear your foolish mustache?"

"Oh, that's different," said the Chicago man; "you see, I've got an impossible mouth"

"So I should suppose," retorted Mr. Wu "judging from some of your remarks"

Assisting Nature.

Standing with her husband in a shaded alcove, the young wife gazed out over the pretty stretch of landscape that presented itself to view.

"Dearest," she said, "can you think of anything that might add to the attractiveness of our vista?

"I don't know," replied the husband, "but you might wash the windows"

Short-sighted Marriage License Clerk—"Now, let's see. Which one of you is the bride'"

Burying Hope.

F. Peter Dunne of Mr. Dooley fame tells a story of the first paper in which Mr. Dooley appeared, and which was fast going to the wall.

One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the dead march from "Saul." The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotions and fear.

"Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?

Losing No Time.

"You're a fine duck. I introduce you to Wombat and express the hope that you'll be good friends. You immediately try to borrow $5 from him."

"Well, a good friend is one who will lend you money, and you might as well try 'em out at the start."

Thrifty Suitor.

He—"I am a poor man, you know." She—"When we are married I can learn to cook, dear."

He—"Hadn't you better practice while your father is supplying the raw materials'"

Soulful.

"Dainty girl, that."

"Seems soulful."

"Yes, indeed. She can look soulful after a hearty dinner of ham and cabbage."

Would Risk It.

"Do you think that opals are unlucky?

"I have heard so," replied the girl, "But if you have one for me I'll take a chance."

His Claim.

"Do you think your father will agree to our marriage, dear?"

"I am afraid not, Henry. You see, father is a conscientious objector."

Sentry—"What's the matter with the kid?"

Mother—"A while ago he was crying for ice cream Now he wants to see you kill a German".

Who Can Guess Me?

115—I am composed of eleven letters and I am what every one ought to have in order to win success in life, but most of us have to make it. My 3, 6, 9, 8 and 10 is the kind of letter you are now looking at; my 2, 4, 4 and 6 are those whom we "have always with us;" my 6, 3, 5 and 11 is a word that means very small my 7, 3, 9 and 10 means a single member of a group or a number of individuals of a group

Jumbled Animals.

116—1 Egrtt. 2. Reds. 3. Meels. 4 Ont! 5 Garonkao. 6. Kenomy. 7. Dronohgg. 8 Someo 9. Pleateah. 10. Fralge.

Anagram.

117—My first is in bad but not in good
My second is in yacht but not in boat.
My third is in rain but not in snow
My fourth is in cold but not in warm.
My fifth is in found but not in lost.
My whole is a poet.

Diagonal Puzzle.

118—

1. A person sent out to obtain information.
2. A reason for something.
3. An outside covering.
4. People that use
6. Concise

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

111. Anagram.

Daniel Boone

112. Beheadings.

1. Chair, hair, air. 2 Cup, up. 3. Hand, and 4 Well, ell. 5. That, hat, at. 6. Will, ill. 7. Bore, ore

113. Fractional Puzzle.

New Orleans

114. A Diamond.

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    B
   PEA
  PILLS
 BELGIUM
  ALIEN
   SUN
    M
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It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS

Male gossips are the worst of the breed.

Some people are too independent to take a hint.

If your life is blank, fill it out and have it sworn to.

Some girls never flirt—but perhaps it isn't their fault.

Only a doctor or a dentist can repair some typewriters.

The world is but a ring on which men cut their eye teeth.

Sometimes it is to a man's credit to forget what he knows.

Health may be wealth for some, but it is poverty for the doctor.

Never air the faults of others until after deodorizing your own.

A fool envies another man's luck and a wise man envies his pluck.

If a man can't be bought you can usually land him with flattery.

Lying too much in bed is almost as bad as lying too much out of it.

If fame came only after death no man would kill himself striving for it.

Strange to say, the world has never produced a deaf and dumb pugilist.

More people would dance if they could escape the demands of the fiddler.

If a woman knows she is pretty it isn't because any other woman told her so.

Lucky is the man who marries a widow whose first husband was mean to her.

Any one can name the three graces, but the disgraces are too numerous too mention.

Woman's fondness for change prevents many a husband from leaving any in his pockets.

Beware of the truth crushed to earth. It is liable to rise up later and take a fall out of you.

When a small boy gets his finger caught in the pantry door it isn't the jam he is looking for.

A lawyer never gives up a case until he has exhausted all the means at his client's disposal.

Give us continuous contentment and you may have perpetual motion—providing you can get it.

There are two kinds of family jars. Into one you put preserves and into the other you put your foot.

It isn't what the average man knows about the hereafter that frightens him; it is what he doesn't know.

A man gets lots of things he doesn't want in this world and a woman wants a lot of things she doesn't get.

A fond mother may consider her son the flower of the family—and the neighbors may consider him a blooming idiot.

THE EDITOR HAS HIS SAY

JUST one year ago this week the Ledger was divorced from The Saturday Blade, the companion publication with which it had been sold for so many years, so that each paper might be sold separately. At any time this would have been a step to take only after serious consideration. With the Nation at war it was even more serious. But the readers of the Ledger have justified the faith and loyalty expected of them and today it is being read by a great many more people than before. Which would seem like very good proof that if you give the people what they want they will stick with you. We have tried to give you what you wanted in the Ledger and we believe we have succeeded.

WE ARE glad that we are able to get the Ledger to you each week without raising the price of 5 cents a copy. When Congress passed the law which put all publications under a zone rate of postage it dealt the magazines a hard blow. It is a question how many of them will be able to survive. Some already have given up the ghost and others are making a desperate effort to stay in the game by raising their rates and cutting down the number of copies which are sent to points far away from the place of publication. Yet the Ledger and The Saturday Blade continue to circulate where they always have circulated, and that is every part of the United States and Canada and in other countries. Congress has cut off the reading, and consequently the education, of a great many parts of the country by the new postage rate. But you can still get the entertaining reading, the education and the news from all over the world by taking the Blade and Ledger regularly.

WE HOPE that a large number of readers have found pleasure in trying to find a title to fit both of the pictures in the prize contest published in the Ledger last week. We realize that it is a hard thing to do, but we know that it can be done. The artist who drew the pictures confided to the editor a title which will fit both pictures. In the issue in which the prize winners are announced we will also give you the title which the artist had in mind and let you decide for yourself whether it is better than the title sent in by the prize winners. Later on we will announce other contests. Not all will be of the same character. The second one, which will come in one of the November issues, probably will give those of you who think you can write a chance to prove it. We will publish all but the ending of a story, and let you try to finish it. The one who writes the ending which the editor likes best will get the money.

NEXT week we will feature an interesting railroad story. It is called "Brothers of the Rail" and was written by Lemuel L. DeBra, who has appeared in the Ledger before. The story will appear in two parts, ending in the October number. At that time we will start a cracker-jack serial, entitled "The Mystery of No. 1313," in which interest starts with the very first chapter and is maintained thruout. That will be followed the next week by the start of a serial by Victor Rousseau which is laid in the far North country and in which mystery, love and adventure are mingled in a way of which Rousseau is a master.

NOW comes what to us always is an interesting thing—letters from our readers. As we have said before, we are always glad to get bouquets, but we do not in the least mind the bricks. Here is what a Mississippi reader—a student and legislator and a professional man, as well—tells us: "After reading your 'Say' in the September 14 issue of the Ledger I want to say that I have been a reader (subscriber) for many years—almost from the beginning. It suits me as it is. Altho I have been a student almost all my life, I find time to read just such stories as you give us. After hours of hard study it rests me to read light literature and I, as a student, would recommend the same to all who study. So do not let the adverse criticism of those who have not read the paper many years discourage you in the least. There are many thousands who appreciate your good work in giving light literature which even the most prudish may read with interest, pleasure and benefit." Which is about as good a boost as we could give ourselves. Another reader says: "You brag too much on the Ledger. The old saying about tooting your own horn or nobody will toot it for you doesn't go. We'll do the bragging on the Ledger. You just keep it going as it is."

Order Your Chicago Ledger Ahead

IF YOU buy the Ledger from an agent or newsdealer each week order it ahead. Those who sell the Ledger, Saturday Blade and "Lone Scout" now order from us each week only the number of copies they know they can sell. The United States Government forbids publishers to receive back unsold copies and agents who do not sell out must stand the loss themselves. Unless your agent knows you will want one or all of the papers next week he will not order them for you and you will lose out. Play safe and tell the agent to save your copy each week.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY.

FROM YOUR HOME TOWN

Watch Out!

Trimmer and Trimmer deal in real estate and loans in Kirksville, Mo.

A Militant Immortal.

Dr. Charles A. de Camp of Lexington avenue, New York, should be eligible for appointment to the staff of General Issimo.

Page the English Teacher!

The new stave mill which sprung up like a mushrune is running in perfect order and adds life to our village.—Perry (Ark.) Blade.

Probably an Auto Repair Shop.

A sign at Beaumont, Texas:

> Beaumont Destruction Company.

Sounds Like a Nature Fake.

A lecture by J. S. Warmbath on "The Arctic Regions" will be given at Camp Leach tonight. Mr. Warmbath was with Admiral Peary when he discovered the north pole.—Washington Post.

Careless About Her Diet.

Aunt Mat Murphy lost a fine milk cow a few days ago by getting in the corn field and eating too much corn.—Osage Correspondent of the Springdale (Ark.) News.

All in Three Months' Time.

Miss Robbie Davis returned Saturday for duties in the Carrolton High School. She taught five months in the State Normal and attended the Chicago University five months during the summer.—Carrollton (Ill.) Gazette.

Why the Editor Left Town.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the contralto, is a patient in Michael Reese Hospital, where she has sought haven for rest and recuperation, it is explained. That the sinner is there for nothing serious was told to the Tribune.—Chicago Tribune.

So Do We.

The home and contents of Mrs. Celia Keleher on the East Side were destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon, but we hope they were fully covered with insurance.—Clayton County (Iowa) Democrat.

Make It Permanent.

On a moving picture house, Orange, Texas:

> Tonight
> "To Hell With the Kaiser."

Every Little Movement.

Miss Mary Charlotte Waddle, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Waddle, expects to leave soon for Twist, Wash., where she has accepted a position as teacher at a handsome salary.—Brodhead (Wis.) Independent-Register.

Stop, Stop the Wedding!

Miss Alice Muir announced her engagement in the paper last week, but she can't never marry my son as long as I have the right over him; he is only 19 years, and besides she ain't welcome in our family and can never step in my house.—Mrs. Dora Deuker.—Belleville, Ill., Democrat.

It Happened This Way.

Edward Conklin, a De Kalb farmer, lost a $100 cow last week. Her horns nearly met over her head. She attempted to pick a fly off her head with her hind leg and caught it between the horns. This caused her to fall and break her neck.—Canton (N. Y.) Plaindealer.

Rest in Peace.

In a grocery store, Belleville, Ill.:

> He Died Fighting.
> We regret to inform our patrons that the good and generous soul, Mr. Credit, died. He was always ready, generous and willing, but he expired today. May he rest in peace.

Cutting Loose.

Mrs. J. M. Rigdon was a passenger to Cannon Falls, Minn., last week for a two weeks' stay with relatives. In the meantime Mr. Rigdon will have the house all to himself, and if he sees fit to throw his shoes in the corner of the room and his coat on a chair, his hat on the table, leave his bed unmade, and have a place in the front room to pile his soiled linen where it is handy to be disposed of, also to leave the dishes go until Mrs. Rigdon returns, he will have the privilege with no one to find any fault. It will be easy for him while she is away any way.—Prophetstown (Ill.) Echo.

Third Installment of the Mystery Serial

THE HEAD OF ADAM

By Victor Ardmore

This Tells What the Story Is About

BENTON DUDLEY, a promoter, seeking to evade an annoying maiden aunt, goes fishing past the Lane Museum of Art, and on reaching his own home discovers that a valuable painting has been hidden under the seat of his chaise. He starts out to return the picture, and encounters Jerimore, a secret service man on the lookout for smugglers. After an exciting race Jerimore leaves him, and a mysterious stranger makes Dudley take him into his carriage. This man soon quits his company and Dudley starts on his way home to be hailed by Rodley, who asks Dudley to accompany Miss Clara Lane to her home. This he does, and when he returns to his home discovers that he has been riding around all night carrying a wooden plank in his chaise, instead of the valuable painting. He goes to look for the painting in his barn, and is assailed and rendered unconscious. On the following morning the sheriff of San Eugenio rides to his home to put Dudley under arrest

Blount, the caretaker of the museum, has met foul play and accuses Dudley of assaulting him. Peter Allen goes Dudley's bail, after which Dudley goes to see the Lanes and finds Jerimore there. Both father and daughter seem unconcerned about the picture, but as Dudley gets ready to leave Clara Lane asks him to get the picture out of California at the earliest possible moment. He protests his innocence and goes home. That evening Clara suddenly appears at Dudley's home and persuades him to steal the Head of Adam from Small's home. They get the picture out safely, and Clara orders him to sink it at sea. They go to sea, but Dudley deceives her and keeps the picture. He then shows it to Kinglake, the custodian, who declares both Dudley and the picture frauds.

The above began Sept 28, in No 39 of the Ledger. Back copies can be bought from our agents or newsdealers, or from the office of publication.

"If You See Any One, Run Away From Him, and Run Fast."

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CHAPTER IX.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

BEWILDERED as Dudley was, he lost sight of anger over Kinglake's words in the face of the more staggering misfortune that everything had gone wrong with his designs.

"Not your Rembrandt!" he muttered dully. "Are you sure, quite sure?"

Kinglake remaining silent, made an impatient gesture.

"To me it seems positively the Rembrandt," Dudley persisted. "I've seen it here many a time. Why, man, you must be mistaken. Two different paintings cannot be just alike."

"There is and should be a resemblance, one calculated to deceive amateur eyes. Hans Tychsen imitated age and coloring as well as was possible, but technique and the divine fire he could not attain. To an expert the fraud is very plain, after careful study."

"But," cried the promoter explosively, "I don't see—I don't understand how ——"

He stopped short. How could he lay the facts before this unsympathetic person? He had gone with Miss Lane and taken the painting from Otis Small's house. Clearly, it was Small's property, and no jugglery could make it that of Darlington Lane. If there were two Rembrandts it did not matter to him whether both or only one was genuine—the dominating fact was that he had despoiled Small without cover of law, and that, as Clara Lane had commanded him to sink the thing in the ocean, he could not rely upon her to help him out of his trouble.

"Where," asked Kinglake with a peculiar smile, "did you get this Tychsen?"

"Where? Oh! I got it——"

"Yes?"

"Hang it all, I can't answer that question and I won't!" Dudley exploded. "I am in a most unfortunate position, it seems, but there is no guilt back of it. I brought the painting here in good faith, thinking it was the one you lost."

"Indeed?"

"There is no indeed about it!" Dudley snapped. "Some day you'll know the truth. Just now—say, can I leave this thing here in your charge? I don't want it."

"Leave it? Most assuredly you cannot. Its value is less than five hundred dollars, and that merely as a curiosity, while its reputation, past and present—past and present—is not what I want for my company."

"You shall not be troubled."

The promoter moved forward, snatched the evil thing away from the custodian and made for the door. At that point he flung a final sentence back.

"Some time you will apologize for this, and of your own free will!"

The speaker heard a weak murmur behind him as he went, but did not try to understand it. Bearing Hans Tychsen's Rembrandt under his arm he left the house, found his horse and rode from the Darlington Lane premises.

"Get up!" he growled to the animal. "We are going to Otis Small's."

He meant it. He had stolen the counterfeit Head of Adam with Clara's help and as it was of no use to him he intended to return it without Clara's help. All he wanted was an open window, thru which he could cast it like a worthless billet of wood. He had covered the main road for some minutes when a wide open field at his left hand gave him a view for more than a mile. The fog had lifted somewhat, and as he saw a blaze of light he realized that Small's house was illuminated thruout.

"Jerimore has got loose and the place is buzzing with excitement!" he exclaimed quickly. "This thing couldn't be got inside now, unseen, if I tried. I can't take the villainous picture back!"

He rode two rods farther and suddenly straightened up in his saddle. "Then what shall I do with it?"

The problem bewildered him. His own home was no place for it, unless he aspired to have thieves and possible murderers at his elbow. Danger and crime kept pace with the Head of Adam, and the question was acute—what was to be done with it?

He mentally canvassed San Eugenio and its outlying territory, but was near the town when he finally had his idea. Up on the remotest part of the rising land where he held some acres of grazing ground was a hut originally built for the use of herders, tho now hidden by bushes and well on the road to decay. Believing that nobody else would go there, he determined to hide the painting among certain boards, boxes and other waste he knew to be there.

Riding into the field he went farther, reached a tree and tied his horse, after which he continued on foot. When he arrived at the hut he found he had no matches, but he went inside, stumbled over a cask of some sort, felt his way, discovered something which seemed like an unhung door leading against the wall, and then thrust the Hans Tychsen version of Rembrandt into the recess and was done.

Going home he stabled his horse looked casually to make sure a third Head of Adam had not descended upon him, and went to bed.

When he awoke it was day, and so fully day that the sun told a story that surprised him. Looking at his watch he found that the time was two hours past his breakfast hour, while the utter silence of the house did not suggest that even a belated meal was being prepared.

Having become accustomed to trouble, he let but few minutes pass before being ready for investigation. As soon as he was partly dressed he hurried to the room of his young herder. It was no surprise when, flinging the door back, he saw Jacobo lying on the bed, bound and gagged. Dudley liberated him composedly. Why not? Such things were trivial matters since the plague of Rembrandts began.

"Why, what's this my lad?" the promoter asked quietly.

Jacobo, a weak-faced youth of twenty years, raised his cramped hands and rubbed his cramped jaws. Trying to talk, he mumbled oddly.

"They came here, overpowered me—I didn't fight so very much—and tied and gagged me and mother. They then ransacked the whole house."

"Who did this?"

"I don't know, senor. They were four and all masked—big, brawny, rude men. They called me a howling idiot, tho I did not howl a bit. Everybody knows I am not an idiot. Why, my soul soars high!"

"When was this?"

"Perhaps about 10 o'clock, senor."

"Oh! That was long before I got home. What did they want?"

"Really, senor, I don't know. They poked into every nook and cranny, but did not seem to take anything away. I am naturally of a very keen mind, but I gained no clew. But let me see about my mother."

Investigation showed that Francisca was bound and gagged exactly like her son. In both cases the ropes were tied with sailors' knots, and active-minded Dudley again mentally saw the crew of the Gray Gull at work. They had been after the Head of Adam, and were clearly dangerously in earnest, but, for the present, had failed to get the prize.

Thoro questioning of the housekeeper and her son gave him no valuable help, for, tho honest and willing, they lacked the intelligence to recognize small signs, so he lingered with them very briefly. When he had disposed of a hasty breakfast he started for town, anxious to see Peter Allen, and have the benefit of his comforting friendship. The fact that no officer had appeared to arrest him suggested that, perhaps, the theft of Otis Small's Rembrandt had not been discovered. He was soon to learn, however, that the discovery had been made.

Allen was at his office, but bolstered up in his chair with various cushions.

"No, I'm not well," he said, replying to a question. "That fall I had from my horse has given my back, a bad twist, so I can walk only with a cane. I hope to recover soon, tho, for your Aunt Arethusa was here this morning and prescribed a liniment that she has herself had compounded."

"What!" Dudley exclaimed. "Has that woman got here?"

"Arrived last evening," Peter explained, chuckling. "Say, but she has made herself the whole talking match. Dare you hear it?"

"Tell me!" the promoter answered scowling.

"Listen! She arrived as described, failed to find you at home, and then came to me as the next best bet. In justice to her, be informed that she is not glaringly dressed, but neatly attired in a gray traveling suit. Mentally, however—listen, I say!

"First, she wanted to know if you had confessed to assault on Blount and stealing the Rembrandt. The reply being negative, she advised that you do so immediately, and, furthermore, said she was going to remain in San Eugenio and take full charge of your case, with a lawyer to carry out her ideas.

"Her plan is to have you plead guilty in court, and then defend you on the claim that you are insane. She mentioned your three aunts and your uncle who were maniacs, and said——"

"What!" shouted Dudley. "Why, I never had an uncle, nor an aunt but her."

"If that is so," and Peter laughed, "it doesn't dispose of the insanity claim."

"Where is that horrible woman now—at the hotel?"

"She stayed there last night, but, early this morning, rode over to Obiscaro. It seems that when she stopped over to have her tooth treated she met a lawyer who impressed her greatly. She has now gone there to engage him to defend you in court."

"Confound the woman! When I meet her—— Never mind, tho! Now, Peter, is there anything new that's important?"

"I had a caller an hour ago," Allen returned, "who told me that Hiram Blount's condition remains unchanged. Also, Chief Martin is no longer eager to have your bail forfeited, tho I don't know why. The only other valuable item of news is that Jerimore was in town for a few minutes. He reported that, when he was staying at his Uncle Otis Small's last night, he was set upon in the dark, overpowered, bound and left gagged in the house. He recognized no one, but lays the blame upon the crew of the Gray Gull, whom he believes to be smugglers."

"Jerimore, eh? You've heard his version. Now, hear mine."

He began, and the account of his latest adventures left Peter dumfounded.

"Why in the world did Miss Lane want that painting sunk?" he cried.

"That's it," Dudley agreed. "Its value is variously estimated at from twenty-five to seventy-five thousand dollars, and it's her father's."

"Sink it in the Pacific Ocean! Madness! Of course she believed it was Lane's Rembrandt, not Otis Small's counterfeit. Why sink it? But if you have the bogus one, where is the genuine Rembrandt?"

"Just what I'm going to learn," Dudley exclaimed. "Maturer thought has led me to doubt Kinglake's judgment. Who is he, anyhow? Only the art-master of a little private country museum. Fine man to pass judgment on a Rembrandt, isn't he? Kinglake is wrong! There is but

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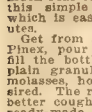

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one Head of Adam! I have it, and I'm going to call in a real expert to see it. Do you think there is such a man in San Francisco or New York?"

"Can't say as to that, but why not try Caleb Lamb?"

"Who is he?"

"Why, the old shopkeeper of Santa Barbara. Dealer in pictures, old and new, pottery, relics and so on. He is reputed to be a remarkable expert in all these things, especially ancient paintings."

"I remember him now, tho I never saw him. I recall that Kinglake once told me Lamb was the ablest critic on the Pacific slope, and nearly the peer of anybody in Rome."

"That's the man. I understand that you want Kinglake's dictum overthrown, or, more correctly, that you want a competent man to decide whether the Head of Adam you now have is the genuine Rembrandt."

"Exactly!"

"Go to Lamb! He is said to be an eccentric, slipshod, unwashed old fellow, and some doubt his financial honesty, but his life pride is in his reliability as an art critic."

"I'll ride to his shop tonight."

"Don't do it!" Allen exclaimed. "Have him come here. All San Eugenio knows of the theft of the painting, and doubtless the news has reached Santa Barbara, too. Lamb might have you arrested. Worse yet, the Gray Gull smugglers want that picture, and such a small thing as human life will not prevent them from getting it. Did you ever take notice of them when they have briefly dropped into San Eugenio? They are a mixed lot, mainly foreigners, swarthy complexions, earrings, faces surly, and I've noticed that some of them carry ugly knives. Look out for them! Don't try to take the Head of Adam to Santa Barbara!"

"I'm going to take it there tonight!" declared Dudley steadily.

"Don't! Its money value has driven those men crazy with greed. Don't go!"

"I go tonight, and the Rembrandt goes with me!"

It was a stubborn decision, and all of Peter's urgings failed to weaken it. Dudley felt that the burden of the painting and its mystery were unbearable. Better face the smugglers' knives than to endure more troubles that came secretly and mysteriously from obscure sources.

When he left his crippled friend and returned home he found that a note had arrived for him during his absence, brought by a messenger. When read, it proved to be interesting:

"Dear Mr. Dudley: I feel that I was dreadfully selfish, last night, placing my own welfare wholly at the front and forgetting your own, but I was nervous and miserable. I forced myself to levity I did not feel, and now I am ashamed. I was cold not to realize then that because father and I do not care for that article, the fact would not clear your reputation. But, Mr. Dudley, there are such strange complications that I am going away today to get advice. Please suspend judgment, and do not think me all selfish until you know the truth. I am very unhappy. CLARA LANE."

In some ways the trend of the writing was unexpected, and so productive of thought that the sentences not only held his attention then, but recurred to him more than once subsequently. More mystery was in the words.

The day was long to him, and soon after night fell he became active. Taking a lantern but prudently deferring the lighting of it, he went to the herder's hut to get the Rembrandt. Arrived there he found the lantern useless, as it lacked oil, but, after some trouble, he found the painting and returned to his room. Lowering the window shades he surveyed the picture closely.

"If Father Adam looked like that," he commented, "it's no wonder there are blemishes in people of today. Blood will tell!"

Having previously provided himself with paper he wrapped his prize neatly and well, and in a few minutes was in his chaise. Devoutly hoping that the smugglers would take a night off, he started for Santa Barbara to see Caleb Lamb.

And the Rembrandt was under the seat, touching his feet.

CHAPTER X

DANGEROUS TREASURE

THE evening was dulled by overhanging clouds, but the extreme darkness of the previous night was lacking. Dudley, sitting in his chaise, had every nerve strained to alertness. Believing that if the smugglers knew of his movements they were almost sure to attack him, he went with a revolver always near his hand, but there was no occasion to use it then.

The miles fell away, Santa Barbara was reached, he stabled his horse at a hotel, and then, carrying the Rembrandt, set off to see Caleb Lamb.

It was an unpretentious shop in a humble street. Light shone from unshuttered windows and he knocked at the door. A voice bade him enter and he obeyed. He saw a room with a disorderly but clean collection of pictures of many sorts, together with a great store of old Indian relics, more modern Indian blankets and other manufactures.

It was interesting, but the caller's gaze moved on to the central figure, the man who sat calm and quiet in a chair.

About sixty years old, spare, none too clean, but keenly intelligent, with small, bright eyes that looked out of a shrewd, masterful face, the general ability of the man was not to be doubted.

"Mr. Caleb Lamb?" questioned Dudley politely.

"That is my name, sir," was the quiet reply, tho the shopkeeper did not rise.

"Being acquainted with your reputation as an expert in art," said Dudley, coming to business at once, "I want to ask your opinion of a picture. Will you give such an opinion for a suitable consideration?"

"That is part of my business, sir."

Dudley halted between two inclinations, for the crafty old face both invited and worried him, and he did not want Lamb to know too much, but, after a little hesitation, he unwrapped the painting, exposing its canvas.

"This is it," he announced.

The shopkeeper deliberately rose, placed the painting on an easel, and turned it so its front was away from the curtainless windows.

"So I see," he then remarked, his face wholly expressionless.

"May I ask you to say what it is?" Dudley continued.

The Rembrandt cataloged as 'Supposed Head of Adam.'"

"Then it is a Rembrandt?" the caller eagerly asked.

"The name is there," and Lamb pointed to the signature.

"Are all paintings bearing that name genuine?"

"As for that, there is a bogus Head of Adam which was painted about a century ago by one Hans Tychsen."

"Is this the forgery?"

"It is not."

"Is it a genuine Rembrandt?"

"Decidedly, yes."

The promoter grew jubilant. A genuine Rembrandt, and Kinglake of the art museum was proved a false critic. There had, Dudley mentally argued, been no forged Rembrandt in his experience. There had been but one Head of Adam, and it was genuine. He and Clara had not stolen Otis Small's property, but had recovered the museum treasure. All he had to do was to retain it—a trifling task, if the smugglers did not interfere—and, in due time, return it to Darlington Lane.

Suddenly remembering where he was, he smiled cheerfully upon Mr. Lamb.

"Of course," he remarked, "you are surprised to see me here with this valuable painting."

"On the contrary, sir, I expected you."

"Eh?"

"Recent events, you know."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, as soon as the story went abroad that the Head of Adam had been stolen from Darlington Lane's museum, I knew there were three chances out of five that it would be brought to me. I expected it, tho there was one chance that it would be taken to San Francisco, and one—a large one, at first, by the way—that it was already on the seas."

"Possession of the painting does not prove that it is now in the hands of the thief," Dudley exclaimed, flushing.

"Decidedly not!" said Mr. Lamb, puringly. "I realize that you have innocently purchased it of somebody—

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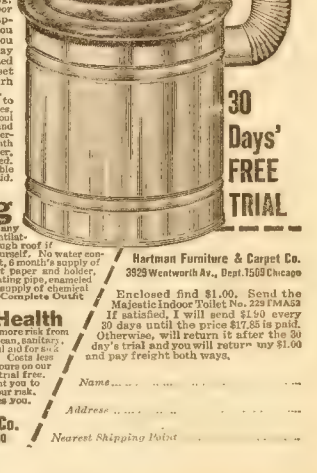

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possibly that it has changed hands several times since it was stolen. Pray do not blame the man who sold it to you, for he may have been quite as innocent as yourself."

Man looked at man. The shopkeeper was mild and urbane, but his companion was not deceived. Despite denials, Lamb believed he had the original thief with him then, but did not intend to trouble him.

"Since you mention Darlington Lane, are you ready to affirm categorically that this is his Rembrandt?"

"I have never been in his museum. As for this being his—dear me, sir, remember that his is stolen."

The crafty old fox looked again at Dudley, who thought that he read an answer. It was that Lane's Rembrandt was before them.

"Will you," the promoter went on, "give me a written guarantee that this is a genuine Rembrandt?"

"Not if my fee is ten times doubled!" was the calm reply. "It would show that the painting has been in my presence, and—just now—I decline to advertise that fact."

"But you affirm that this is a genuine Rembrandt?"

"Emphatically, I do."

"That's all that's necessary," said Dudley, reaching for his wrapping paper, but Lamb checked him with a swift motion.

"If I were you, sir, I would leave that painting here, tonight."

"Leave it here? But why?"

"Ever since Darlington Lane was robbed strange men have hovered near my place of business, always watching—foreign men, who seem like sailors. Well, since you have been with me, one of these seafaring men has twice peered in at my window. I knew it would be so, and that's why I turned the face of your Rembrandt so nobody could recognize it positively. By doing this I have only delayed them. They are not going to sit idle."

"In plain words, you think these seafaring men want this picture, and will try to get it when I go out?"

"Yes, and more. I suspect that they will get you!" said Lamb bluntly.

"It would be no safer here, and I'm not inclined to adopt your plan. Believe me, I don't think lightly of your warning, but where I go there the Head of Adam goes, too. Perhaps the seafaring men are far too many and too desperate for me to oppose successfully, but I shall make a fight."

Lamb's eyes brightened anew and he nodded briskly.

"Good spirit!" he commended approvingly. "Fortunately, I can give you a suggestion, and without long study. If those mariners want that Rembrandt greatly you can't, without help, prevent them from getting it, and a knife in your back will be part of the game. After that—well, dead men tell no tales."

He glanced sharply but unostentatiously at the windows.

"Listen!" he went on. "I have helped in similar cases before, and our plan is now ready. Have you been at Pharingway's hotel?"

"Yes, and left my horse and chaise, but I've not yet registered."

"Just the thing! I get my meals there, bringing them here in a big basket to be eaten. Listen, I say! I am going to sell you yonder picture of the grazing cow for a dollar and fifty. In a few minutes you will be on your way to the hotel with it under your arm, well wrapped. I shall walk with you, and in my big basket will be the Rembrandt. We shall be followed and watched, but, with two of us together for protection, only from a distance."

"Good!" Dudley remarked approvingly.

"Reaching the hotel you will go to the clerk's desk, but I shall pass thru the room to the kitchen, as I do three times every day. You will register, hand your dollar-fifty picture to the clerk for safe keeping, and then make a pretense of going to your room. In the shut-off corridor twenty feet beyond the desk you will meet me again, and receive the Rembrandt from my basket, without any seafaring man to spy upon us. After that go to your room if you wish, but my advice is that you start for home as soon as your horse can be made ready for you. Of course you understand my scheme. The sailors will think the cheap picture left with the clerk is the painting that they want so much, and, planning to steal it, will let you wholly alone."

The promoter, while listening, had studied his companion sharply. He saw the ingenuity of the design, and had a firm belief that Lamb was to be trusted fully. The Head of Adam would be out of his sight briefly, but the fact brought him no uneasiness.

"Excellent!" he answered. "When shall we go?"

"At once."

The cheap picture was deftly wrapped. At Lamb's bidding Dudley then stood by the window to look out and keep spies away, while the shopkeeper whipped the Head of Adam into the great market basket.

A few minutes later they left the shop, equipped just as Lamb had planned. As they walked together Dudley looked back secretly and saw sailor-like men skulking after them, the well in the rear. In imagination he saw two things more—**ready** knives, and a determination to get the Rembrandt without regard to human life.

"If they come too close," said the shopkeeper composedly, "let me know, but, being two, we are practically wholly safe from attack."

"Your plan is working well, sir," the promoter returned.

"It always does. If you elect to drive home at once, be watchful at all times. A knife in one's back is a poor place for cutlery. Here is the hotel. Now, let us each do his allotted work."

They entered, and Lamb, carrying the basket, passed straight ahead. Dudley walked to the desk, registered, passed the dollar-fifty painting over to the clerk, who carefully leaned it against the safe behind him, and then the new guest was at liberty. He at once used the same door by which the art critic had gone out of sight.

Lamb was waiting in the corridor, and the only person in sight. He opened his basket, revealed the burden inside, and tore a slight slit in the wrapper. Dudley saw the Head of Adam.

Certain payment money changed owners, a hand clasp was mutually given and good nights said. Then the promoter moved farther ahead, left the hotel by a door Lamb had indicated, and was at the stable. A word to a hostler set him in motion at harnessing, and, a few minutes later, the owner of the chaise was driving away.

Going, he had a somewhat distant view of the front of the hotel. At that point he saw two men of sailor look and swarthy faces, and they were peering into the

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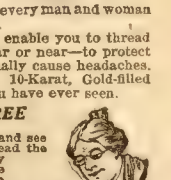

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main room. From that position they could doubtless see the decoy dollar-fifty picture deposited with the clerk.

Dudley chuckled, ran his foot back under the seat of the chaise, and, doing so, touched the precious Rembrandt.

"Here is the old master, saved, and certainly genuine," he muttered. "I've got Lamb to thank for proving it and for saving me from the Gray Gull knives. Back to San Eugenio and victory! The Head of Adam is all right!"

Urging his horse, he made a speedy return to his home town. No adventure worried him, but as he neared his own house he grew wary. Fearful of an ambush, he dismounted, took the Rembrandt under his arm, gave the horse a light slap that he knew would lead him to trot home, and then himself set out to complete his journey by a five-minute walk thru the field, hoping that, if foes were near, nobody would expect him to use that course.

As he neared his quarters and was passing thru the bordering bushes he stumbled over something. It stirred, and he bent and touched a man. That person floundered about a little, struggled first to his knees and then his feet, after which, beginning a drinking-song, he totally ignored Dudley and, staggering badly, moved away toward the town. The promoter hesitated and found it hard to decide what to do, but ended in letting the fellow go without investigation.

"Hope he was not a smuggler spy who was waiting my return," he muttered.

Advancing again he reached his house and, the window of his room being nearer than any door, he entered by that way. It seemed so good to be at home that he forgot the man in the bushes.

It was his intention to make no light, so he cut the strings that secured the painting and cast the wrapper off. The work of the old master was safe. He was about to call Jacobo, when it occurred to him that this would necessitate a light, so he started to make it. Groping his way, he found the table in its proper place and stood the Rembrandt upon it, leaning it against the wall of the room.

Turning again he felt his way to the stand on which his lamp was kept. The latter was soon alight, and he noticed a letter beside it. The writing was familiar and he tore it open and read:

"Dear Mr. Dudley: I have just made a dreadful discovery. Something has gone wrong, very wrong, and I am in painful distress. Will you please call at my home this evening without fail? I rely upon you and my need is pressing. Please come! CLARA LANE."

The promoter, having read, remained staring blankly at the paper. He had received the call too late. "This evening" was past, for it was an hour after midnight. If her need was urgent she had been disappointed. Even now he could not go, for how could he leave the painting?

Considering this, he turned slowly to look at the old master. He looked and then recoiled.

On the table, standing side by side, were two Rembrandts, and to his eyes they were precisely alike—each was a Head of Adam!

Impossible! Just as he had decided—even proved, as he believed—that there was but one, and had been but one, his vision said there were two. It was surely a mistake——

Right there he caught himself up sharply. It was no time for mental hallucinations, but for common sense. There were two! But how had the second come where it was? Where had it been and who had brought it? It must be the Hans Tychsen forgery and he wished it a thousand miles away. His own, as he mentally termed it, was in very poor company, and—but which was his?—which was the one he had just brought home?

"Great Caesar!" he gasped, "I don't know which is which!"

It was true. Moving in the dark he had set the Rembrandt upon the table. Now one painting was at the right end and the other at the left, their positions almost exactly alike, but which he had placed there he did not know. After all his trouble in taking one of the pair to Caleb Lamb for an expert verdict, they were hopelessly mixed.

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"As for This Being His—Dear Me, Sir, Remember That His Is Stolen."

CHAPTER XI.

A BAD NIGHT.

THE confounding of the Rembrandts had been a simple matter. The narrow table stood against the wall. Approaching it at its front, Dudley had found and touched it in the dark, and then set his painting upon it, but whether midway or near one end he then had no means of knowing. Now, with the Rembrandts standing side by side, he had nothing in the way of position to aid in distinguishing one from the other.

Catching up the light he held it alternately close and distant, trying to get view from all possible points and angles, hoping that some cast of light would help him to decision. Surely, he argued, he ought to be able to tell the genuine from the forgery, the Darlington Lane from the Otis Small. The device was good, but results were bad. He could not tell.

Despite the ready decision of Caleb Lamb, he found the two exactly alike to him—alike in color, technique and other things, even as one was a cunning forgery of the other.

But he utterly failed to answer the vital problem, which was which?

"What does it matter?" he finally exclaimed impatiently. "I have both of them and that makes me master of the situation. Here is a Rembrandt trust and I am the head of it! I'll return Lane's, and also Small's, and the sun will shine once more for me in San Eugenio. It shall be attended to the first thing in the morning——"

He fell silent suddenly. Daylight was still some hours distant and a good deal might happen in the interval. He remembered the brig Gray Gull and her dangerous crew, and the drunken man in the bushes persisted in pushing himself forward figuratively for consideration at the same time—the drunken man who wobbled upon his feet painfully, but had shown suspicious taste when selecting a couch on the ground. Why had he lain down in the bushy secrecy just outside of the promoter's house-lot? This problem and others filled Dudley's mind, insistently grouping themselves.

Who had placed the Head of Adam in his chaise at the museum the first night of adventure? Why had Clara wanted the costly painting sunk in the ocean? Who had brought the second painting to his room the present night?

His horizon of thought narrowed as he meditated further, for the most urgent question clearly was whether he and the Heads of Adam would be safe until morning. That some of the crew of the smuggler brig were in Santa Barbara did not prove that all were there. It would be very easy to divide the force and have part of them secretly investing the Dudley home, waiting to attack it at the most favorable moment, striking to get the Rembrandt.

Considering these points, he shifted his gaze from window to window, each instant expecting trouble, and always harassed by sounds outside that ordinarily would have passed as trivial.

"I'm growing nervous," he finally muttered, "and this has got to end. I'll not play a lone hand any longer, but go to Magistrate Brown and lay every item of my case before him—all except what relates to Miss Lane. I'll go at once——"

Stopping, he held counsel with common sense and shook his head.

"No! To leave here before day would probably be to get a Gray Gull knife thru my body. I can't fight half of a ship's crew, especially when burdened with these pictures. There's a better way."

Going to Jacobo's room, a few steps away, he awakened him and bade him come to the other room. Jacobo partially dressed and came, and his master was glad to see he was not weighted down with drowsiness.

"My lad," said Dudley briskly, "I want you to go to San Eugenio and bring Magistrate Brown and Chief Martin here. If you find but one of them, bring him and some other man, but be sure to bring two. Tell them my need is alarming. Understand?"

"Yes, senor," Jacobo replied evenly.

"Go promptly. Do not let any man speak with you by the way. If you see anybody, run away from him and run fast. Understand?"

"Clearly, senor."

"You can go now and hasten. Bid Brown and Martin hurry to me."

"It shall be done instantly, senor."

While they spoke the boy's gaze had several times wandered to the table and the paintings upon it. He now looked more directly.

"Are not those faces beautiful?" he exclaimed, pointing to the pair.

"Well, maybe, Jacobo, maybe."

"I don't know any such men in San Eugenio. Are they"—and he pointed again—"are they twins?"

"It is claimed," Dudley replied, smiling grimly, "that their fathers were not the same men. That reminds me! Have you seen any stranger lurking near here since supper time? Have you seen any such men enter this house and place one of yonder pictures where it now stands?"

"No, senor. I've not seen any man near here, lurking or otherwise."

"All right, Jacobo, all right!"

Walking to the table the promoter removed the paintings from their prominent position and set them on the floor, side by side, their faces to the wall. It was not wise that prying outsiders should see what the honest herder had seen.

"Now, Jacobo," he added, "go quickly. Run! Stop for nothing and get Brown and Martin here as soon as possible."

"It shall be done, senor. I go now flying feet."

He left the house alertly, and then his mother appeared, having herself been awakened by the call to her son.

"Is the senor ill?" she asked.

"No, Francisca," the promoter replied "I am quite comfortable, but have sent Jacobo to the town on an errand. Late as it is, 'twas necessary."

"I feared you were not well, senor. My son will do your errand quickly. His mind is not so strong as ours, but his legs—carambas! they are marvelously

(Continued on Page 1

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FOR THE NEEDLEWOMAN

Novel Vase Shaped Pin Cushion

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THE vase shaped pin cushion is also a dressy ornament. For this use heavy white hat wire for the frame, half yard of five inch wide satin ribbon, half yard of gold lace, two-thirds yard of narrow gold insertion and six inches of rose dress trimming.

Cut two pieces of wire each thirteen inches long, of which make circles for top and base. Cut three pieces of wire each eight inches long. Join each end of these to the circles and draw in, tying with cord at the center. Fill the top with cotton and cover with cheesecloth or soft wash material. Cut a piece of the ribbon to fit the top and sew the remaining to the wire circles. Edge the top with the gold insertion, of which make two rows. Edge the base and a double row thru the center of the lace. Sew the rose trimming between the center and the base. Satin by the yard can be substituted for the ribbon. Any bright or light shade can be used.

Tucks and Frills.

HAND tucking and little ruffings are the cheapest sort of trimming in the world. They cost a deal less than lace and embroidery insertions, yet they add a deal more smartness to the lingerie frock or waist. The frock is of organdie, in pure white or some delicate pastel shade, and a multitude of tiny tucks and yards of tiny frillings make the most delightful and economical trimming.

One such frock of palest yellow organdie has a group of ten pintucks running round the skirt at the hip and below the tucks is a narrow pleated frill set on the skirt so that it stands up as it would from a cuff.

Two slashed pockets above the tucks and frill are edged all around with the pleat frills and the narrow frilling edges a deep tucked collar and turned back tucked cuffs that come just below the turn of the elbow. This fresh, dainty frock is completed by a sash of pale yellow ribbon, tied in a big bow at the back. It makes an excellent party frock for the girl at school.

Fringe.

FRINGE is a favorite way of adding a touch of gracefulness and femininity to an otherwise severe black gown. On one shown it was attached to the end of a full overskirt, shorter at one side. On another one it swung from the ends of panels, front and back. Still another had fringe in a narrow width extending from the ends of flowing sleeves, and so on even to fringe on the ends of sashes and the tips of full revers.

There were one or two velvet dresses seen, of simple lines and these were good to look upon. One of them hung from the shoulders and was belted only in the slightest degree at a low waistline. It had a mere touch of bright embroidery around the low neck and streaking down the front for some inches.

Black Satin for Fall.

THE fashionable frock for fall will be of black satin. To relieve its somberness highly colored contrasting bands are often applied to early models. Nothing could be more decorative than the grapes which adorn one frock. They give a rich and ornate appearance to what is in fact a very simple design.

Style and Economy Meet.

DON'T throw away your last year's woof suit or your old serge dress unthinkingly, or any little scrap of wool goods that you may happen to have. If you are fortunate enough to have some fur which is getting a little worn in places it can be used also.

With this to start with and several yards of satin, the newest of new models may be constructed, for nothing is more fashionable than a satin suit wool lined—and there is no reason for buying new goods for this purpose.

A thin satin lining will make the sleeves slide on more easily and the sides and edges may be merely faced back with the outer satin if the shape of the coat is near enough to the desired style. The same plan may be followed for a dress or for a child's cost.

Fur trimmings add to this type of suit immensely and give the finished coat a wintry look, which justifies the unseen lining.

For the little girl's suit black, brown or gray satin would be charming and little bands of fur go a long way on such a small model. For her grown-up sister or mother the same colors are best, but blue or rose color may be added to the list suitable for a child.

A rose colored coat for the little three or four-year-old would be very good looking with bands of beaver fur or squirrel and a little wool embroidery to match. Wool embroidery could also be used on the grown-up models.

The Homemade Hat.

THE woman who does not favor a velvet hat for fall wear may fashion her own hat of heavy faille or taffeta ribbon, if she has sufficient skill. A hat for satisfactory service must be well put together, so unless a woman is willing to handle silk work properly, she will find the money spent on fabric and trimming a loss. No item of apparel has such hard wear and tear as a hat. It is generally donned and removed many times a day.

One shown employs navy blue taffeta ribbon, which is laid in fine accordeon plaits for upper brim and lower part of crown. The top of the crown is plain, and the lower part of the brim may be made of white or pastel colored silk or Georgette, giving a becoming framing to the face. A bow of black velvet ribbon forms the only trimming.

Another hat displayed is made of a very heavy faille ribbon, and, of course, any color may be selected. Sections of the ribbon are folded and wired and set together petal fashion to form the brim. The crown is covered smoothly, and black velvet ribbon was also selected as the trimming for this hat.

Black velvet hats are to be very fashionable for fall and winter—they are practically never-failing so—and beaver hats are also being very much featured in advance showings of winter millinery. Early fall models in velvet are extremely large, that is with wide brims, the poke shaped hat again being a favorite. Embroidery and hand painting are mentioned as unusual trimming touches applied to velvet hats.

Plaiting.

ACCORDION plaiting is going to be in the lists again this autumn for separate skirts.

Sometimes the skirts are so ingeniously designed and cut that the plaiting is arranged only on the sides of the skirts, giving in this way ample fulness for grace and ease without robbing from the narrowness of the silhouette that still prevails in vogue.

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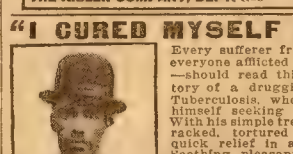

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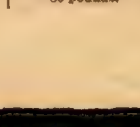

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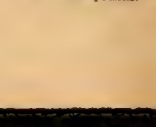

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YOUR TROUBLES OF THE HEART SOLVED HERE

Conducted by Winifred Grey

Do you want to confide in some one and ask advice? Miss Grey will undertake to help you solve your problems. Address her in care of the Ledger's Editor.

Reach an Understanding.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 17, and married to a man of 20, whose parents do not like me. About six months ago they made him enlist, and since he has left I have received only a few letters from him. I was lonesome, so I accepted an invitation to a dance with an old friend. My husband's people wrote him about it, and added lies. Last week he came home on a furlough, but has not called me up, or come to see me. What shall I do? I work hard and try to be worthy of him. SAD HEART.

It is too bad that meddling relatives have come between you and your young husband. If he does not love and trust you enough to ignore his mean relatives, I think you need not bother. Why not try to get in touch with him some way, and try to reach an understanding? Anything is better than the uncertainty under which you are now living.

See What Mother Says.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 16 years of age, and am living at home with my mother and stepfather. Lately we have been having violent quarrels. This makes me so unhappy that I want to leave home. What would you do? He says my mother treats me much better than she does him. BETTY.

Betty, why not have a long talk with your mother about this matter? No doubt she is just as unhappy as you are about these quarrels. Perhaps she will be able to reach some conclusion, other than the one you suggest, that will make conditions more bearable.

Have Patience.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 20, going with a man who is two years older. We work in the same place, and before he always used to take me home from work. He also asked me to marry him. I said that I would when the war was over. This made him angry, and since then he has not talked to me. What can I do to make him come back? I love him very much.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

If you have not seen the man simply because you told him you would marry him after the war was over, there is hardly anything for you to do, unless you wish to lower yourself. I cannot see that you should apologize for that. It seems to me that you took a very sensible course in answering in that way. Perhaps you will meet soon, and matters will adjust themselves. When you do see him again, you might nod to him pleasantly, as tho nothing had happened.

Don't Worry.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19, and engaged to a man three years my senior. Just before he left for camp I began to doubt his love, altho he acts as tho he loves me, and says he does. The reason I doubt him is this: He says that if he comes back from the war a cripple, he will never marry. Do you think he is right to say such a thing? E. F.

Why persist in looking for trouble and worrying about it? If the man says he loves you, and acts as tho he does, do not doubt him. As to his not wanting to marry you should he come back from the war a cripple, it merely means that he would not want to burden you in after life. Why not talk this over with him, if you still have any doubts, and try to see his point of view?

An Expensive Gift.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a man of 30 and have been going with a girl five years younger than myself for almost eight years. She will have a birthday next month. Do you think it would be all right for me to get her a diamond ring then, or wait until Christmas? P. L.

If you are engaged to her, you may get her the ring at any time, altho her birthday or Christmas would be a fine time to present her with it. If you are not engaged to her, why get such an expensive present? It is hardly in good taste.

Listen to Your Mother.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl of 17, and have quite a few boy friends. My mother does not object to my going out with them, but she wants me to be home by 11:30. Sometimes it happens that I get home nearer 12, altho I do try to obey her. Do you think that is too late? Also, is it all right to go out with several boys? I am not engaged. BROWN EYES

You should do as your mother says. Of course, it is sometimes impossible to get home to the minute, but if you will explain what delayed you I know your mother will be reasonable. As for going out with other than one young man, certainly you may, if you are not engaged, and your mother approves of the young men. If you will listen to your mother's advice I am sure life will run along smoothly for you. She knows what is best.

Apologize to Him.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am very much in love with a man of my own age, whom I have known since high school days. Just recently some girl friends told me he was going around with a girl in another town, and I got angry, and dropped him. Since then I have found out that the girls were lying to me, and that the young lady in the other town is his cousin. What should I do? DOLLY.

You should apologize to the young man. If you broke off with him simply because of what some girls said, you were entirely wrong. Tell him so, and be sure to add that hereafter you will not listen to idle gossip.

Difference Not Too Great.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of almost 17, in love with a man who is near 25. Do you think the difference in our ages too great for a happy marriage? BEATRIX.

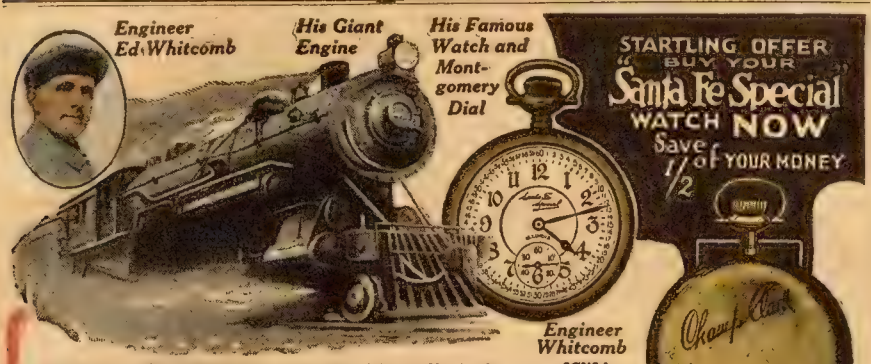
The difference in your ages is not too great, but I do believe that you are too young to make a decision about a life partner. Why not wait until you are 18 before you decide whether you love the man enough to marry him?

Bashful Little Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man of about 23, who is madly in love with a girl of 16. I see her at her home almost every evening, but I can never get her to talk to me. I don't know what's the matter with her, but no matter what I say or ask her about, all she says is "No," and "I don't know." Do you think I ought to tell her how I feel about it? JOHNNY.

I hardly think it would do much good to tell her that you love her, since she is too bashful and too young to know what to do. Try to find out what she is interested in, and talk to her about it. Very often girls of 16 are bashful, but they get over it. Wait until she is a couple of years older, and perhaps you will have more success.



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The Head of Adam

(Continued From Page 20)

fleet," and with this she returned to her room

Dudley lit a cigar and sat down to wait for the officers. His revolver was within reach and if the smugglers came he intended to make the call unpleasant. The Rembrandts must be defended if bullets could do it.

He dreaded the coming of the Gray Gulls but little more than that of the officers of law. Brown was a reasonably good fellow, but Chief Martin, tho he had lately slackened up in his legal war upon the supposed assailant of Hiram Blount, was certainly an official enemy. How would they receive his story? Could he induce them to believe it? What would they say to the keystone of the mystery—why had a stranger placed the stolen Rembrandt in his chaise at the museum?

Time passed as he meditated and the half-hour he had mentally given for Jacobo's errand lengthened into a full hour, and then to thirty minutes more. By that time he was thoroly worried, and that he was not the only one thus disturbed was proved by the second coming of his housekeeper

"Senor," she said, "I have not seen Jacobo."

"Nor have I. He is strangely late," Dudley replied

"The boy is not quick of wit and I fear he has lost his way in the dark. Let the senor repeat his message and I will go on his errand."

"No, no, Francisca," the promoter exclaimed. "I fear there is danger outside and it won't do for you to risk it. You must not go."

"Pardon, senor, but I must. I must look for my son. Forbid me that you cannot, and while I search for Jacobo I can easily do your errand."

Dudley again protested, and with emphasis, doing his best to alarm the woman, but she was stubborn. Troubled by her son's absence, she was determined to go in search of him. Failing to change her purpose, he grew more hopeful. Possibly Jacobo, unable to find his men, was lingering unduly, but was safe. After a last effort to keep Francisca at home, he repeated his message to the town officers and she disappeared, her face toward San Eugenio.

Other minutes elapsed. The woman became due and, finally, overdue, but she did not appear. Anxiety took new hold upon Dudley, grew with the passage of time, and, when an hour had gone by, he could not longer find room for hope.

Mother and son had both fallen into hostile hands

The situation was trying to the nerves. The lamp lighted the room somewhat, but, beyond its brighter rays, shadows lay dark and dismal. The door and the windows presented points of weakness where anything serious might occur. They were avenues by which enemies might come, and the only surprise was that the attack had been so long delayed.

It was not to be doubted that his enemies were active. Jacobo might possibly get tangled up in a simple mission in the night, but not Francisca. Her mind, if not brilliant, was fairly strong and sensible and she would not waste a moment in San Eugenio.

At times he wished he had sent written messages to the officers instead of verbal ones, but he still believed it had not been prudent to trust such business to paper. If he was to come to grief he had not invited trouble by putting his wants down with pen or pencil.

But why did the smugglers delay so long?

"It will be daybreak in another hour," he mused, "and then their chances will be poorer. They must know I'm sitting here, revolver ready, and prepared to defend the Heads of Adam or die in trying. It is certain that the scoundrels are outside, but if they can afford to delay I can. I'm not so willing to wait for Brown and Martin. Why don't they come and help me out of this trouble——"

Something like a billet of wood flew into the room from the door, which had been noiselessly opened. Its objective point was plain when the lamp fell away, broken into many pieces, and total darkness wrapped the room in its web. What came next was never told in detail.

Dudley was conscious that several persons rushed into the room, that he fired his revolvers one after the other, that he was in unfriendly hands, that he landed a great blow with one of the weapons used as a club, that he brought forth more than one cry of pain, and that something then struck his own head a dazing blow. After that, nothing! For long time nothing but a blank.

When his senses returned the gray of morning and a dim lamp were feebly aiding the illumination of the room, while he was lying on the floor and old Francisca was kneeling beside him, bathing his head. She quickly noted the opening of his eyes.

"Blessed saints!" she cried, "he lives!"

Dudley gained a sitting position, looked at the wall of the room with the ruling passion master of his mind, and then leaped to his feet.

"The Rembrandts!" he cried. "Where are they?"

"What, senor? Oh! if you mean the odd photographs of the two gentlemen, I have not seen them since I returned."

"Gone! Where have they gone to?"

"Really, I don't know, senor. You must have had a fainting spell——"

"Tell me all about it! Why did you stay away so long? What did you see when you came back?"

"Ah! there are fine doings in San Eugenio! I went to do your errand, but two men took me against my will and shut me up in the stable of Lopez Macillo's empty house. I was there for hours, unable to get out, for the door was locked, but at last, when I tried it for the hundredth time, why, it was no longer fastened. So I came home and I found you here, dead—or so I then believed. But, bless the Virgin, you live!"

"Was anybody else here when you came?"

"No, senor."

"Jacobo—what of him?"

"I have not seen him. Much I fear he has been hurt," she sighed.

"And the pictures were gone when you arrived here?"

"Yes, senor. It is sad, for I doubt not one was your father, and it must grieve you. I have no family portraits."

"Lucky Francisca! Have you seen Chief Martin or Mr. Brown?"

"No. When I escaped from the stable it seemed best that I should come to you at once. Shall I go for the officers again?"

"There is no longer need. You may attend to breakfast as usual. Thank you for your kindness, Francisca. Now go and let breakfast be on time. It is the only important thing of life not wiped out by the events of the night. Go, Francisca!"

She moved toward the kitchen, and Dudley turned and looked at the wall where the paintings had lately been standing.

"They are doubtless on the high sea now," he muttered. "The Gray Gulls have scored. Maybe they will not reap wholly of good luck from their possessions. It occurs to me that it was an evil thing to paint the father of the human race from an ideal. The Head of Adam seems unlucky for its holder!"

CHAPTER XII.

A CALL FOR A KIDNAPER

WHEN Dudley had eaten he looked for signs in the earth and elsewhere that might have been left by his assailants, but found nothing. Being satisfied that his efforts were useless he started for the town. It was no longer his desire to see the officers of law there and tell his story. Reasons for confession had vanished with the Head of Adam, and his only wish in that direction was to avoid explanation.

Had it not been for Jacobo he would have gone to the more elevated ground and remained in concealment until he could plan afresh, but the lad was missing and his mother was alarmed. Jacobo must be found.

Just short of the first of the village houses the promoter met Magistrate Brown squarely. He did not want to have an interview with him, but it was not to be avoided, and Brown, on his part, was clearly pleased.

"Hello, Dudley!" he called genially. "I was coming to see you."

"Oh!" growled the young man. "Got another warrant for my arrest?"

"Not a bit of it, and I hope I shall not be called upon in that way. Fact is, I want to speak about your aunt, Miss Arethusa Dudley."

"A subject with a thousand tongues! Well, Brown?"

"Frankly, I wish you would take care of your esteemed relative. She has been haunting my office, talking about your case until she has my ears fairly humming. As you are aware, her plan is for you to plead guilty to assault upon Hiram Blount, and then seek mercy on the plea that you are of unsound mind. She wants to manage your defense—but you know all that, of course. What I wanted to talk with you for was to have you see her——"

"Don't tell me that woman is in San Eugenio!" Dudley cried.

"She is not here. She returned last evening from Obiscaro, where she had been to engage a lawyer, looked for you, failed to find you, called upon your friend Peter Allen, heard an unfounded report that you had gone to Jalapa, and this morning before daybreak she started for there. To be candid, I suspect that Allen romanced a bit as to your whereabouts."

"Peter never told a lie in his life," declared Dudley gratefully, "but he has told a whole lot of truth that can't be proved. My own trip to Jalapa proves that, for it would be easier to show that I didn't go."

"Your aunt is not wholly successful in hunting for you. Let us leave that point out of consideration. Now, Dudley, the woman is no fool and she isn't deranged, but she is odd and she's meddlesome. As I've before explained, she has been besieging my office more than is agreeable to me, and she has your trial in court for alleged assault on Hiram Blount all worked out to a fine detail. She has poured her views forth until I'm tired of it. Say, man, can't you curb her somehow?"

"Have you tried?"

"Yes."

"And now you ask me if I can do it! Say, you make the Pacific Ocean dry up and I'll try to do the same to Aunt Arethusa!"

Both men had been smiling, and now they laughed in unison. Since the lady under discussion was impregnable, they soon dropped the subject and prepared to separate.

"Oh! by the way," the promoter added, "I was looking for my servant, Jacobo. Have you seen him?"

"Not for several days," the magistrate replied.

It was the first of several checks. Dudley did not find his herder, nor find anybody who had seen him. Jacobo had dropped out of sight completely.

When the master reached home again he remembered Clara Lane and her note, which had been a call for help. Feeling guilty, he was about to get his horse

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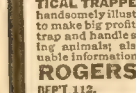

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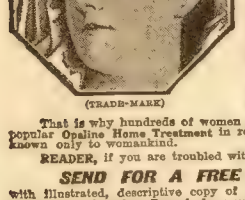

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ready, and had just led it out when Clara herself appeared in saddle. She was looking perturbed, but brightened at sight of him.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "But you were going out. I'm afraid I interfere with your plans."

"Not a bit! Fact is, I was going to your house. Your note was not received until after midnight, so I could not call last evening, as requested. I'm sorry and was trying to make amends."

"It does not matter now. Mr. Dudley, I am in shocking difficulties, and I don't know which way to turn."

"Anything I can do to help you will be gladly done," he promised.

"You are very good, but the case is hopeless. You shall hear. That dreadful call of ours at Mr. Small's house—you remember the Rembrandt?"

"Yes, dimly!"

"Really, you must not jest, Mr. Dudley—it is serious! When we took that painting I thought it was father's, but I've learned that it was Mr. Small's, and—oh! we have sunk it in the ocean!"

"How do you know it was Small's?"

"His neighbor, Mr. Rodley, says he had a Rembrandt, and the inference is plain. I fear I am apt to be too hasty, don't you? Anyhow, I blundered terribly that time. Early yesterday I cabled to Mr. Small and asked his price for his Rembrandt, but, as he is devoted to art, I feel he will refuse to sell. Think of my position—I have sunk a friend's treasure in the Pacific!"

The tears that visibly moved down her cheeks gave Dudley his clew.

"Then you are really sorry we sunk it?"

"Sorry! I am heart-broken!" she exclaimed tremulously.

"That can be remedied. Frankly, my conscience rebelled at the idea of destroying the Head of Adam, and I played a trick on you that night. I sunk only a stone and, thanks to the fog, brought the painting back to land with us. The Pacific has no watery hold upon it."

"Then it's safe!" she cried, her face radiant. "Let me see it!"

"It's on its way to Portugal."

"Oh! What do you mean?"

"The story cannot be told in few words. If you will dismount and go to yonder seat I'll give you particulars."

When the change was made he related his recent experiences as fully as he thought necessary. She passed the interview between Dudley and Kinglake by without comment, but, at first mention of Caleb Lamb, interrupted hastily.

"Why, that's the man father bought his Head of Adam from!"

"The deuce he is!" Dudley exclaimed. "And I took that Rembrandt to him for expert advice and he never let on, the sly old fellow!"

"Caleb Lamb is the biggest knave living!" Clara cried passionately.

"How so?"

"Because he sold—oh! I can't tell you—not now—but he is a shameless rascal. Your story—pray keep on!"

He told it to the end, minus some details, and added the opinion that the crew of the Gray Gull had the two Rembrandts now and were off for the European coast. Clara meditated and then laughed lightly.

"They are welcome to the Head of Adam that belongs to the museum," she announced, "but as for the Otis Small sample, I shall at once send David Kinglake to Portugal to buy it in open market there. Mr. Small must have his Rembrandt back, and at my expense."

"Better yet, notify the authorities there and have the painting seized when the Gray Gull arrives. A cable message will do all that."

"I'll see," she returned, suddenly absent-minded, after which she recovered her spirits as abruptly, and, growing animated, went on quickly: "Now I want you to assist me in another matter."

"I shall be delighted," Dudley asserted. "What is it?"

"I want you to help me abduct my father!"

"To abduct—to do what?"

"To kidnap my father!"

"Darlington Lane?"

"Yes, certainly. Why do you look so surprised? It must be done, for there is no other way out of it. You will take him right to your house, and then not let it be known that he is here. If anybody else tries to enter you must stop him by force."

Dudley studied her attentively and seemed to find she was in earnest.

"Miss Lane," he said frankly, "one of us must be flighty-headed."

"You mean—oh! dear me, I forgot to explain why. Father is going to deed the art museum to Lucius Jerimore, and for a fictitious consideration. That odious Jerimore will get the building and all the art treasures for nothing, absolutely for nothing. It must not, shall not be! We will kidnap my father and keep him in your house. Do you see?" she asked eagerly.

"Frankly, I don't. I have no desire to get into prison, and I dare say Mr. Lane has a good reason for deeding the museum away. As much as I would like to help you, I must decline, but kindly, Miss Lane, kindly. It would be overdoing things to kidnap a man simply because he contemplated executing a deed of conveyance."

"I forgot that I have not told you. I fear I'm a novice at business——"

She was silent for a moment, and Dudley saw other tears moving down her cheeks. Her face quivered and it was not until she made a strong effort that she found speech again.

"Mr. Dudley," she finally added, "my father is a greatly broken man. Do you remember that when you called to talk about the Rembrandt he hastily referred you to me and himself entered the house? You shall now hear the truth. Father's mind has weakened, dreadfully weakened, and this idea of conveying the museum to Jerimore is due to his mental affliction. And Jerimore is bad enough at heart to accept it, which is just the same as accepting stolen property."

"Be consoled, Miss Lane," said Dudley earnestly. "The transaction will not stand in court—no deranged person can deed his property away, for the law——"

"I know, I know, but there is more. A public contest to save the museum would expose father's condition, and that would kill him. He would die of shame. I love him, sir, and it must not, shall not be. Perhaps my use of the word kidnap was not clear, for I do not really mean that. Far from it! My idea is to induce father to come here by persuasion, and with his free agreement—the by a stratagem—and so keep Jerimore ignorant of his whereabouts."

"That looks better. I begin to enter into the spirit of things."

"I hate Jerimore, anyhow! I've never thought well of him, tho I have been reasonably polite to please father, who always took to him. Now, will you help me? We won't harm Jerimore, but defeat his scheme."

"I'm with you!" Dudley announced stoutly.

"You will take father into your house?"

"Yes, if he will come."

"He will be glad to, for he likes you very much and is grateful to you."

"He is? Why?"

"Because you—that is, he thinks you—well, he just is!"

She took on additional color of cheek and was visibly flustered. Her manner was so mysterious that Dudley planned to ask for an explanation, but while he hunted for words she fell to speech again and the chance was lost.

"Now it is all simple," she resumed hurriedly. "We will bring father here on pretense that it will be easier to sign the deed here. The lawyer who is to draw up the paper comes from Odiorato, you see, and it looks reasonable. When Jerimore goes to our house he won't find father, for we will have him here. Isn't it capital, Mr. Dudley?"

"Decidedly so, if we don't get into a fix," he agreed uneasily.

"Why, you're not timid, are you?"

"Not a bit of it!" was the reply, the words sounding firmer than the voice back of them.

"It is too late now to change our minds," Clara added, not wholly ingenuous. "Jerimore must be downed——"

"Must and shall be! It is settled."

When at last she rode away the promoter knew only these things—that Jerimore was to be at Darlington Lane's at 3 o'clock that afternoon, so Mr. Lane must then be at Dudley's, and Jerimore must be downed. Clara had said so! She had, however, not mentioned that

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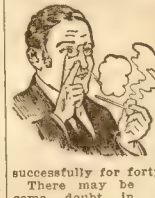

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her ally was probably inviting fresh trouble.

Recollection of his uneasy hour at Santa Barbara soon brought the smugglers back to mind and he looked seaward. The coast line was not visible, tho the elevation of his house and land brought the waters of the offing under view. Now he saw a vessel sailing south under small canvas. Impressed, he hastened to get his field-glass and bring it to bear upon the craft. She proved to be a brig, and past knowledge made him almost ready to affirm she was the Gray Gull.

"Well, well!" he muttered blankly. "If that's she, the smugglers haven't gone to Portugal, and if they are standing off and on in plain view of everybody, they haven't the Rembrandts. Successful thieves would be off and away under a press of canvas. Now, then, who the deuce has got the Head of Adam?"

The fourth and last installment clears the mystery of the Head of Adam. The problem is solved in an unusually interesting way and shows who the real culprit was in the theft of the picture.

When Fate Decides

(Concluded From Page 5.)

longer will be a dashing brigand and the ladies will turn up their noses. You then will long for the Spanish romance song, but in vain, for Senorita Juanita, who loved you yesterday—ah, too bad, she will have forgotten!" laughed Juanita, and her eyes were roguish, but her heart was heavy, and Rodney knew it. Most women talked like that when they were jealous and Rodney knew that most women afterward regretted.

Rodney bowed to her. "Good-by, then, Senorita! Have your own way, lovely lady. But take care your tongue doesn't wag, for if it does I shall come back here and cut it out. Au revoir, sweet song bird from Spain!" he concluded and hurried from the villa.

Juanita waited until she could hear his footsteps beating along the pavement of the boulevard before she screamed and rushed after him, but he was too far away, and she would not jeopardize her reputation of never having placed her dainty feet upon the pavements of Vera Cruz.

"Senor! Senor! Ah, my heart breaks for you! I cannot live without you!" she sobbed, but Rodney already was swinging along under the palms nearly a block away and did not hear her; still he surmised what had happened.

As Rodney walked toward the plaza, where the band played dreamy Spanish music, Simon Rainy passed along the boulevard in his car on his way to the president's temporary palace to dine with Worthington, the president and some of the rascals and villains of the republic. But Rainy did not see Rodney, who continued his way to Rainy's office, went straight to the safe and opened the empty deposit boxes. Rodney was not surprised upon finding the boxes empty, because Rainy's remark that he would not accept graft had a too satisfied tenor that was not above suspicion. And Rodney therefore realized that Rainy was only a common, ordinary human with the same thievish tendencies of all other men. Moreover, Rodney knew that Rainy dared not take the gold off his estate, because it would brand him as the recipient of plunder, disgrace him in his own country and lodge him in a prison. Rodney first searched Rainy's bungalow, but without results. Baffled, he ended his search beside the palm tree, scratched a match upon the big green box and lit a cigarette. There was plenty of sand in the palm box to cover the six gold pokes, in spite of their size, so he took Rainy's long silver paper knife and probed into the sand and, one by one, brought forth the pokes. He then wrapped them with the coat section of Rainy's huge silk pajamas, tied his belt around them so he could carry them with more ease, and then seated himself at Rainy's desk and wrote:

Kind Friend Rainy:

I called this evening to smoke a cigar and drink some of your excellent whisky with you, and regret your absence—so will you, no doubt.

However, I appreciate your extreme courtesy in caring for my little bags. Somebody might have looted the safe during your absence; one never can tell, you know. The palm box is not messed up.

I sincerely hope the banquet of the rascals and villains of the republic proves remunerable as far as you are concerned.

I am forced to use the coat section of your silk pajamas to wrap my property and shield it from the lewd stare of the public. I am going to the hot lands and will be away from Vera Cruz for an indefinite period and trust you will be able to amuse your fat self until my return.

RODNEY.

Rodney dropped the pen, placed a paper weight on the note and looked away at the calm, twilight sea. He was weary of the waste lands, and also Vera Cruz. Its horde of Spanish faces had grown highly distasteful. Juanita had been his only solace. Rainy was droll and comical, but altogether too fat and notoriously lazy to be a good companion. La Jose was too vainglorious and became infatuated with every pair of lovely eyes when he was not engaged in plundering in the hot lands or fighting foolish duels—and New York was more than 2,000 miles away, and it was not healthy to board a steamer at that particular moment, with Worthington and Rainy closeted with the president and his villains. So when the veil of night closed over Vera Cruz Rodney took his load of gold, crossed the boulevard to his house, dressed for the waste land journey, ordered a boy to bring his horse, and when it arrived he tossed the boy a coin, mounted and rode south.

It was just midnight when he slid from his horse at the watering place, La Jose was not there, so he took a light blanket from his knapsack, wrapped it about him and sat down upon the sand, his back resting against a palm tree, and watched the yellow stars and the Southern Cross and wondered if Juanita had informed the police of the gold pokes she knew La Jose and himself placed in Rainy's safe, and which were in the saddle bags on his horse.

Rodney smiled cynically and lit a cigar. Women were strange creatures. Juanita had laughed at him and snapped her pretty fingers to show how little she cared, but he knew the smile hurt and her heart had pained when he had taken her at her word. The natural side of the woman afterward had dominated the superficial and the anguish caused by her folly had looked out of her eyes.

Out in the waste lands Rodney has some strange experiences. With unexpected suddenness, Miss Worthington becomes his guest in his desert fastness, there is a battle with the gendarmes and Rodney finds his brain a center of conflicting emotions.

* * *

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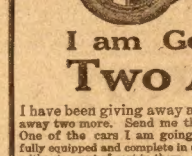

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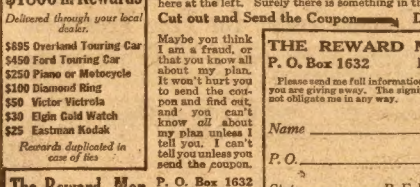

On December 14, 1918

I am Going to Give Away Two Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it. One of the cars I am going to give away is an Overland. It is the latest model, fully equipped and complete in every detail. It will be delivered right at some one's front door without a cent of cost to them. Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car is a Ford, and will also be given to some one. As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars I'm going to give away the other rewards listed here at the left. Surely there is something in that list you want.

Cut out and Send the Coupon DO IT NOW!

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Maybe you think I am a fraud, or that you know all about my plan. It won't hurt you to send the coupon and find out, and you can't know *all* about my plan unless I tell you. I can't tell you unless you send the coupon.

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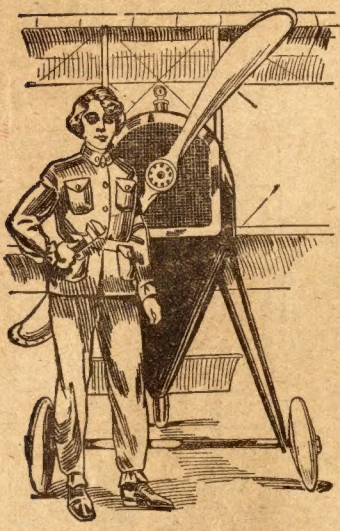
Women Who Fly



Women's part in winning the war is not so much in doing men's work in flying in front of the lines as it is in war-service work here at home. You are confronted now by graver and harder duties. You, as mothers, wives and sisters, are called upon to face the separation from all that is most dear to you. The war must be won not less by women than by the fighting men. The influence of women is felt everywhere—on the battle-field, in the hospitals and amongst the producers at home. Women all over the world realize more and more that their work at home will help the men at the Front. There is an important factor which has to be carefully observed to make the great work women are doing successful. Nobody, man or woman, can do good work when health is impaired.

The greatest boon to womankind is a tonic made up of herbs, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. This is the "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce, used by him in active practice many years, and now sold by almost every druggist in the land in tablet or liquid form. It has had a half century of practical demonstration and successful results in most of the delicate derangements and weaknesses of women. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she finds new life and strength. It's a powerful, invigorating herbal tonic and nervine. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical time of life; in pains, inflammation and kindred ailments the "Favorite Prescription" has been favorably known for 50 years—ingredients on wrapper. The "Prescription" is sold in tablet form for sixty cents. Send ten cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package and write for free confidential medical advice if there is need.

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See for yourself, at my expense, what FAIRYFOOT will do. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card—today.

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Your Kitchen in War-time

Meat Other Than Beef

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

HIGH prices plus Government restrictions are the two determining factors for the housewife who is cutting down on beef in her daily menu. Of course, there is pork, and occasionally mutton, but prices on these meats are as prohibitive as they are on beef and very often the housewife whose family does not like fish, or who wishes to inject a bit of novelty in her menus, finds herself in a tight box.

Yet there are quite a number of beef by-products which can be utilized in making attractive meat dishes for the principal meal of the day. Liver, heart, tripe, tongue, brains, sweetbreads and kidney are nutritious and cost much less than the meat of the animal from which they come. They can be served in hundreds of different ways, and will supply the housewife with plenty of change for her meals.

Tripe is the paunch of the cattle, and is composed of loose tissue, which makes it easy to digest. Sweetbreads, too, are light and palatable, and so are brains. Heart, liver and kidneys have a more compact fiber, and so must be cooked longer to make them digestible. But this is no reason why they should not be used.

Tongue may be pickled, smoked, boiled or baked. When pickled, it needs longer cooking, for the salt toughens the fibers.

Heart, too, can be served in innumerable ways, and makes very savory dishes. Stuffed and baked, it is fine; or it may be boiled and served with dumplings and a spicy sauce. Then, it may be pot-roasted with plenty of vegetables—such as turnips, carrots, onions, celery, tomatoes and potatoes. If prepared this way, the housewife would need only a drink and a dessert to finish off her dinner.

Kidneys, also, lend themselves to this sort of preparation, and so does liver. Brains and sweetbreads both taste well when parboiled, cooked in a cream sauce and served on toast. But there also is the old, familiar way of serving brains, namely, scrambled with eggs. They also are good when boiled, rolled in cracker or bread crumbs, and fried.

Tripe we know as a foundation for soups, or as a pickled delicacy, but it may also be fried or cooked in a stew with beans or tomatoes.

The experienced housekeeper after trying her hand at cooking these relatively unused by-products a few times, will be able to devise other methods of preparing them than those given above. A little thought and a little work will help to feed the family more cheaply, and at the same time give them something which is new and hence welcome.

Potato Steamed Bread.

MASHED potatoes, two cups; barley flour, one cup; corn meal, one cup; water or milk, three-fourths cup; soda, one-half teaspoon; baking powder, one teaspoon; salt, one teaspoon; molasses, three-fourths cup. Mix and sift barley flour, corn meal, soda, baking powder and salt. Combine mashed potatoes, milk and molasses and add to the dry ingredients. Stir well, fill greased molds two-thirds full. Grease covers and cover tightly. Steam three hours.

Yield: Six one-half pound baking powder tins.

Baked Crackers and Cheese.

NINE or ten milk crackers, one cup of grated cheese, one and one-half cups of milk, salt and pepper to suit and two tablespoons of flour. Split crackers or cut them into pieces of uniform size. Pour milk over them and drain it off at once. With the milk, flour, cheese and salt make a sauce. Into a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of the soaked crackers and sauce. Cover with bread crumbs and brown in the oven. An economical supper dish for cheese lovers.

Scallop of Potatoes and Cheese.

CUT cold boiled potatoes into dice. When ready to use season them well with salt, pepper and melted fat. In a greased baking dish arrange alternate layers of potatoes, grated cheese, and white sauce (medium), having sauce on top. Heat in the oven and serve.

Pickled Beets.

WASH and cook while whole in boiling water until tender. Old beets will never be perfectly tender. Drain and rinse with cold water so that they may be skimmed easily. Cool and slice. Cover with vinegar.

Bean Loaf.

COMBINE the following and shape into a loaf: Two cups cold cooked beans, one egg well beaten, one cup bread crumbs, salt and pepper to season, one tablespoon finely minced onion, two tablespoons tomato catsup or tomato pulp. Bake for twenty-five minutes. If desired, serve with broiled bacon on top.

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Heroes.

"NO, SIR, not at all," said the man who was learning literature, turning to the man who knew all about it, "we don't go in for heroes and villains in our books and plays and scenarios as strong as we used to once."

"Yes," replied the man who knew all about it, "we do, only things have changed somewhat. In the olden times each book had a hero and a villain, and the hero was the hero and the villain was the villain all thru the book. Then some fellow, seeing that the gentle reader had had about all he could stand of that, hit upon a lucky inspiration, something which would infuse variety into the thing.

"This man originated what is known as the fifty-fifty method. The villain held out as such until the middle of the book and then suddenly turned hero. This worked fine for quite a while, as most of the people had grown sick of the hero anyway. He was so darned nice that they were glad to have him turn out wicked, and they loved the villain dearly because he was so human. He reminded people of themselves and their neighbors and their relations and friends, whereas no one had ever seen any one as nice as the hero and didn't want so because they knew they wouldn't enjoy the meeting.

"This had other advantages which appealed to book writers and playwrights. It gave them a chance to write longer stuff and the length of a book, play or scenario is always the determining factor in its merit. The longer it is the more worthy and the more important.

"By this method the books and the scenarios became longer and longer, and then another inspired person hit on a still better plan, that of alternating the roles. The villain in one chapter coula be the hero in the next. This was great stuff and no one could tell how it would end. It also had the advantage of prolonging the book or scenario indefinitely. By the fifty-fifty method as soon as the villain had had his share of the book the book had to stop. If the villain had been hero for twenty-three chapters then the hero was entitled to twenty-three chapters of villainy, and not a line more, and so the book had to stop when time was up. But with the fellows taking turns it was not necessary to end the book at all. In fact, ending a book on the alternating plan was almost impossible, and whoever happened to be in the heroic role when the book did end got the girl and all her money, and this was not satisfactory because people were sure to remember some of the winner's bad stunts in other chapters, and remembering they were sure to feel sore at the author for not handing the prunes to the right character.

"The worst thing a writer can do is to get his gentle readers sore at him. A gentle reader like that is apt to go to the person from whom he borrowed the book and demand to know why he was lent such abominable stuff."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 102 S, Chicago, Ill.

SALESMAN WANTED—TO SELL OILS, belting, hose, paint, varnish, to factories, mills, auto owners, stores, threshers; outside large cities. Excellent proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Dept. 9, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

BOYS—GIRLS—4 THRIFT STAMPS GIVEN away free for selling our line high-grade perfume. "It sells like hot cake," one boy wrote. No money necessary to start. Ask parents' permission to apply for agency in your locality. Print out your name and address plainly. Eckhoff Laboratories No. 1, 2018 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. HA, 426 Broadway, New York.

$60 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXican Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight. Repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., 8J, La Crucen, New Mexico.

AGENTS—GUARANTEED HOSIERY FOR men, women and children. Must wear 2 months or replace with new hose free. Finest and finest yarns in silk hose. Agents having wonderful success. Write for agency and samples. 3411 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

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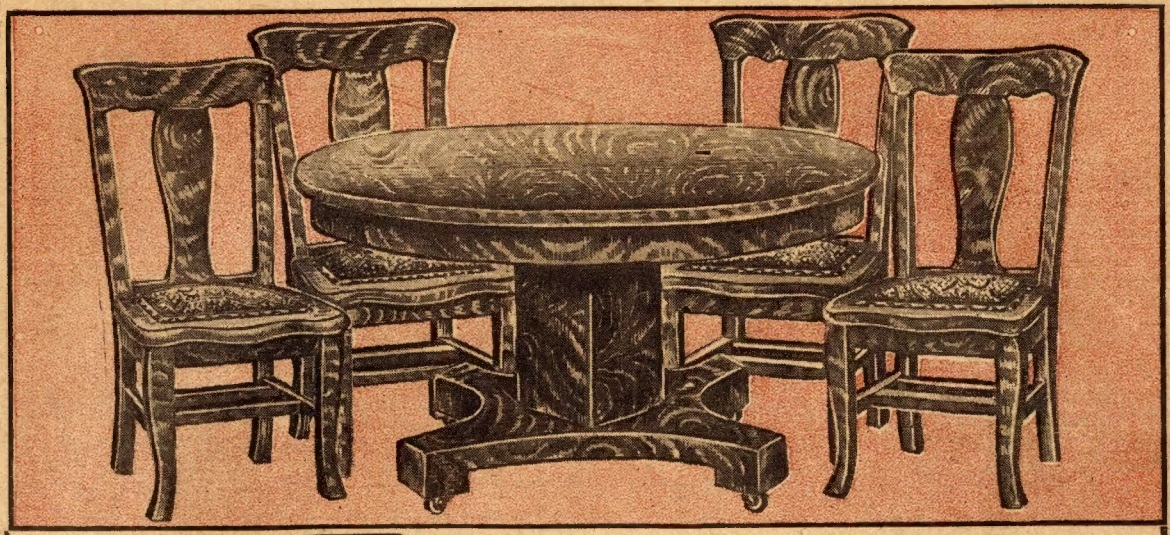

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